

-THREE-PENCE-

The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions

BY

Florence Marryat,
A. Wilson Barrett,
Helen Mathers,
ETC., ETC.,
and Song by
Gwyllym Crowe.

70 ILLUSTRATIONS



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April, 1892.



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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

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Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

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Allcock's Plasters

One on the Chest and one between the Shoulders.

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For HEALTH, COMFORT, and APPEARANCE,
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It makes the most awkward figure become graceful and elegant, prevents chills, gives perfect support, exercises a most beneficial influence on the Respiratory and other internal organs, and is thus an invaluable adjunct of attire for delicate women.

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There is no sensation whatever felt in wearing it, while benefit always and quickly follows. It soon INVIGORATES the entire system, and assists nature in the **Healthy Development of the Chest.**

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Madame LENA SCHEYER, 5, Walterton Road West, St. Peter's Park, writes, 7th December, 1891:—"I have much pleasure in recommending the Electric Corsets invented by Mr. C. B. Harness, to all suffering from Spinal Neuralgia. I have derived much relief and support since wearing one."

Send Size of Waist and Procure one at once.

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The Editor of *THE LADY* writes, January 7th, 1891:—"A very useful addition to the many valuable inventions of Mr. C. B. Harness in the field of electrical science is the electric corset, which, so far as appearance is concerned, is precisely similar to the ordinary corset. It is made of similar material, and is fashioned in the latest style and most improved shape. The electric corset is particularly recommended to be worn by delicate women, or those who suffer from organic affections, chronic rheumatism, or pains in the back. This useful addition to the successful electro-pathic belt combines the advantages of health, comfort, and elegance. The price is 5s. 6d., post free."

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All Qualities and Patterns at 5/6, 12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/-, and upwards.

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have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of these now world-famed Curative Appliances; and, should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to their bona-fide character, they are invited to call without delay at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, **52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**, where they can see the belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world.



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COOK (indignantly): I never works for wages, mum; I goes on salary or nothing.

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MOSQUITOES.**

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BEETLES,
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Earrings, 21s. pair.



Clear set in Solid Gold, 19s. 6d.



The Ears do not require Piercing for these Earrings, 25s. pair.



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Pin and Stud, 17s. With Diamond Pearl, Ruby, or Sapphire Centre.



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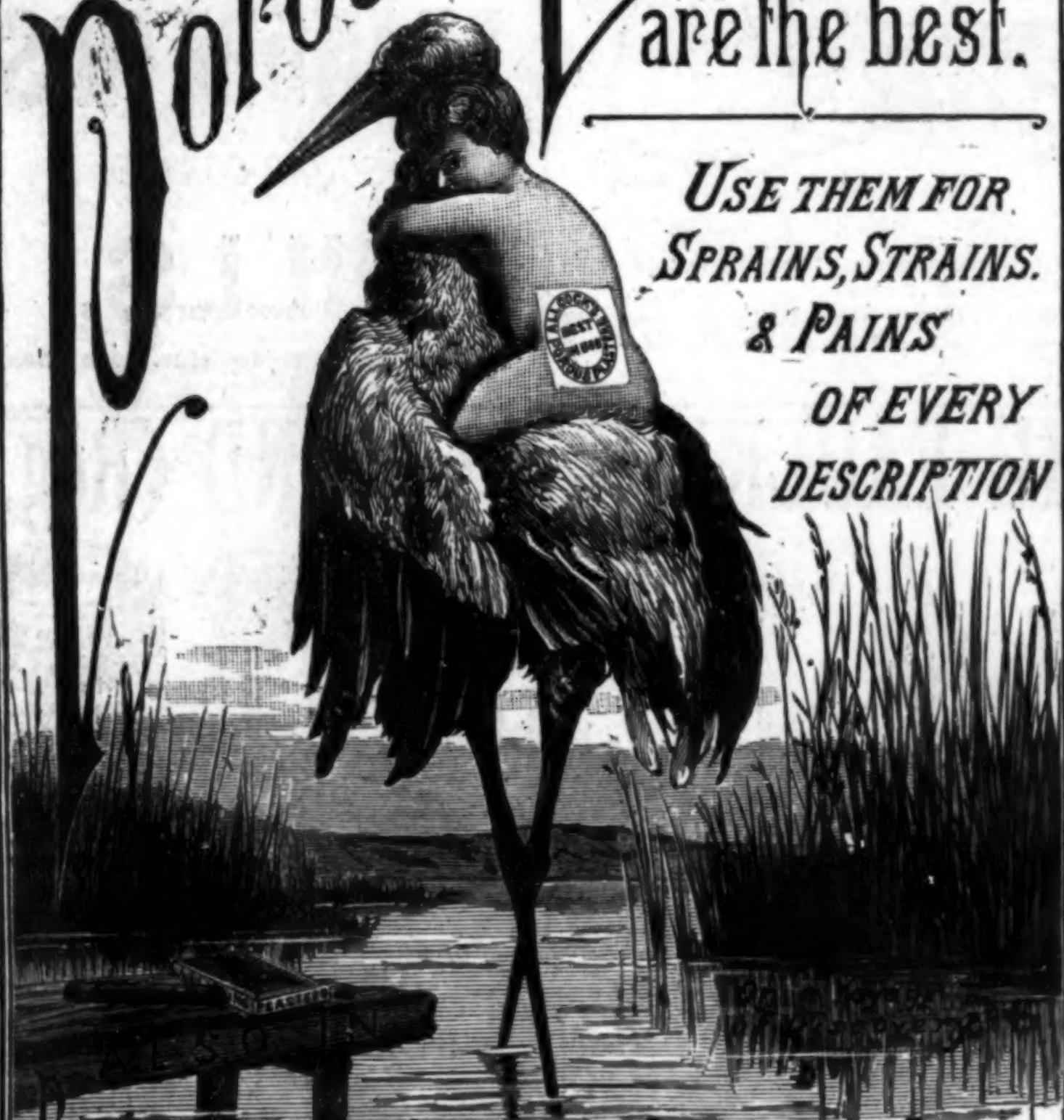
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Alcock's Masters
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USE THEM FOR
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“We have found them a very breast-plate against
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"Didn't you feel like crying?"

"Oh, yes, but couldn't; we had no handkerchiefs."

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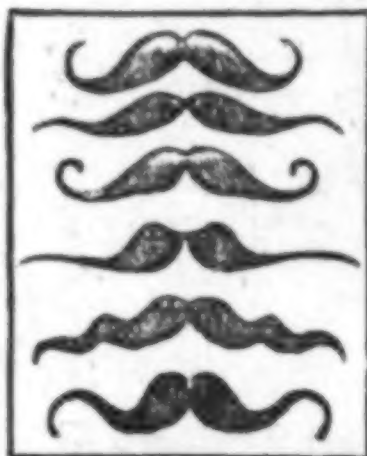
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Open at back or front, for ordinary wear.

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NOT THAT KIND.

DISTRICT VISITOR: Is your husband among the strikers, my good woman?

MRS. HUGGINS: Yes'm, he strikes awful; he gave me two black eyes in the week.

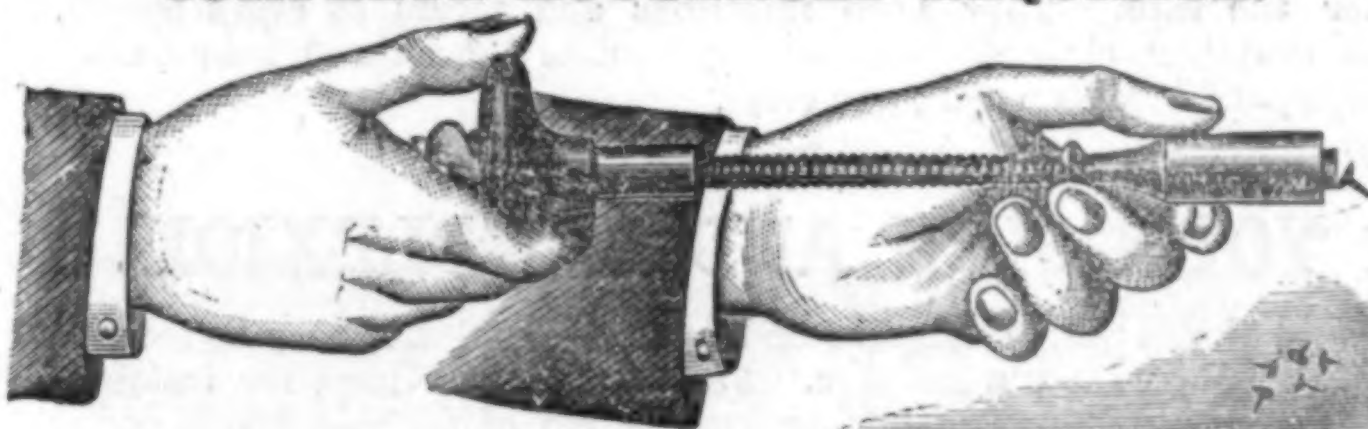
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THE "WINDOW BLIND" OF THE PERIOD
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IS FIREPROOF AND FIXES IN HALF
THE SPACE OF WOOD BLINDS
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Please mention this Journal.

SPRING.

*Spring, Spring, gentle Spring,
Youngest season of the year,
Hither haste, and with thee bring
April with its smile and tear.*

THE shrubs and trees are budding and hardy flowers are peeping forth. All nature is in a ferment. 'Tis the season of change and growth, and of new life. Is the body exempt from the influence of the time? Far from it. From the grown man to the little child the blood is stirred, and the system upset. This marks not our age alone, but has been ever thus. It is the natural re-action after winter cold and torpor. Our grand-parents and those before them took spring medicine, and gave it their children; and so must you. There is no escape from it, for nature wills it so.

Brimstone and Treacle! How we shudder at the nauseous mess. And yet it did us good; no doubt about that, although perhaps it gave us a stomach colic. But this was in days ago. No longer need we dread the Spring and its accompanying needful medicine. See—here are Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, waiting for you to Test Them Free of Charge. They contain Sulphur and other simple curatives. They are safe—positively so. They are nice to the taste—children like them. But what of their efficacy? This they possess in full measure. They are an invaluable blood purifier; the best of all medicines for the skin. They keep infections and fevers at arm's length, they disperse eruptions, clear the complexion, regulate the natural habits, allay rheumatic pains, and break up chills and colds.

FOR YOUR SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

We are told that a clear, good skin and a good complexion may be secured by soap alone. 'Tis true—in a measure. Frazer's Sulphur Soap, for instance, contains extra soothing balm, and is free from excess of fat and alkali, and is undoubtedly beneficial for skin and complexion. But not even by soap alone can you gain all you wish. The blood must first be pure—rendered so by the use of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, used internally. Then your desire will be accomplished. This is no mere assertion; it is literal matter of fact. Have pure blood, and you have the first essential to good health. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets ensure good blood; the use of a good soap, scientifically made, pure, cold-made soap, containing extra balm—Frazer's Sulphur Soap—is the second essential. The prized possession of a clear skin and a good complexion, allied with pure blood and good health, are thus secured by Frazer's Sulphur Tablets used internally, and Frazer's Sulphur Soap applied externally.

Samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets will be sent gratis and post free on application. Name the LUDGATE MONTHLY.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in 1s. 1½d. packets (post free 1s. 3d.). Frazer's Sulphur Soap (Scented), in White Card Boxes, price 6d.; Unscented, in Green Boxes, price 6d. (Three post free for 1s. 6d.).

Frazer's productions are sold by, or may be ordered of, all chemists and medicine vendors at home or in any part of the world. Sole Proprietors, Frazer's Tablets, Limited, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

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WORLD-RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER
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RESTORER.

*Positively forces Luxuriant
Hair, Whiskers and
Moustachios to grow heavily
in a few weeks, without
injury to the Skin, and no
matter at what age.*



AFTER USE.

The World-renowned Remedy for **BALDNESS** from whatever cause arising. As a PRODUCER of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURE of WEAK or THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS.

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"ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD

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"GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.

"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.

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Travelling and Useful Cloth Gowns, from the New Irish and Scotch Homespuns, Tweeds and Vicunas, from 4 guineas.

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New Seal Plush Princess Coat (a capital presentment of real Seal skin), lined Fancy Silk or Seal Satin, made to order, from 5 guineas; or, in Best Alaska Seal skin, made to order, from 25 to 35 guineas.

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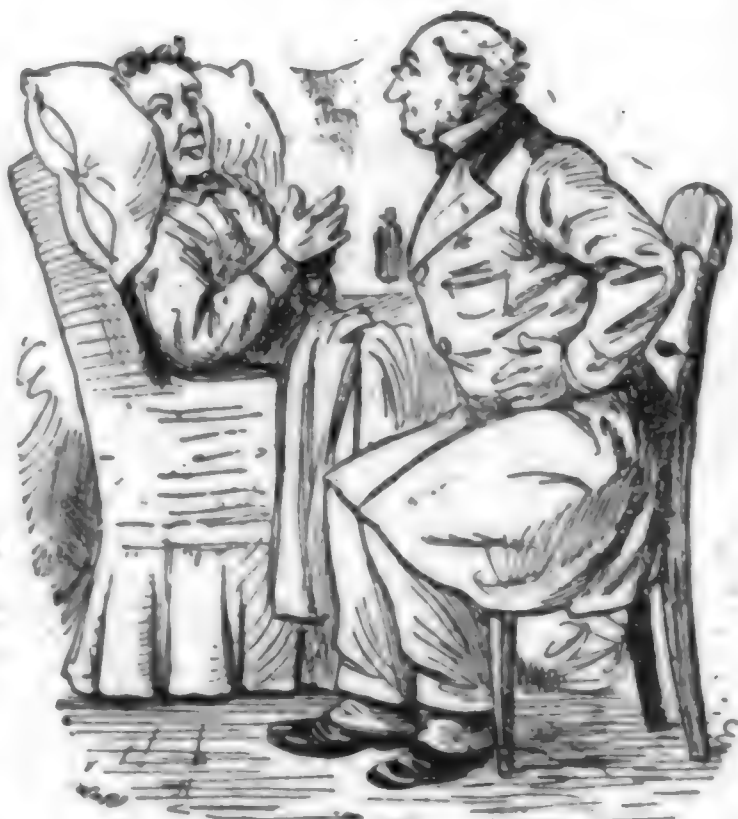
How a man can gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil—it happens sometimes.

It comes of stopping a waste. There is, probably, fat enough in the food you eat ; you are not digesting it. Cod-liver oil is not the only thing that will set your machinery going again.

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Cod-liver oil is only an easy food from which to get fat and a tonic—that's all we know about it—that pound a day is nothing but fat.

What fat is, how important it is, and to whom it is important, are told in a book on CAREFUL LIVING, which will be sent free to those who write for it to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., Chemists, 47, Farringdon Street, E.C., London.



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DOCTOR: And, above all, you must avoid every form of violent exercise for some time to come.

PATIENT: I can't do it, doctor. I belong to the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, and I'm down to "tile" at our lodge to-night. Besides, we've got to initiate three candidates.



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FIRST YOUNG BARRISTER: Hello! What's the hurry, my boy; one would think you'd got a case on.

SECOND DITTO: So I have; my tailor's taken a summons out against me.

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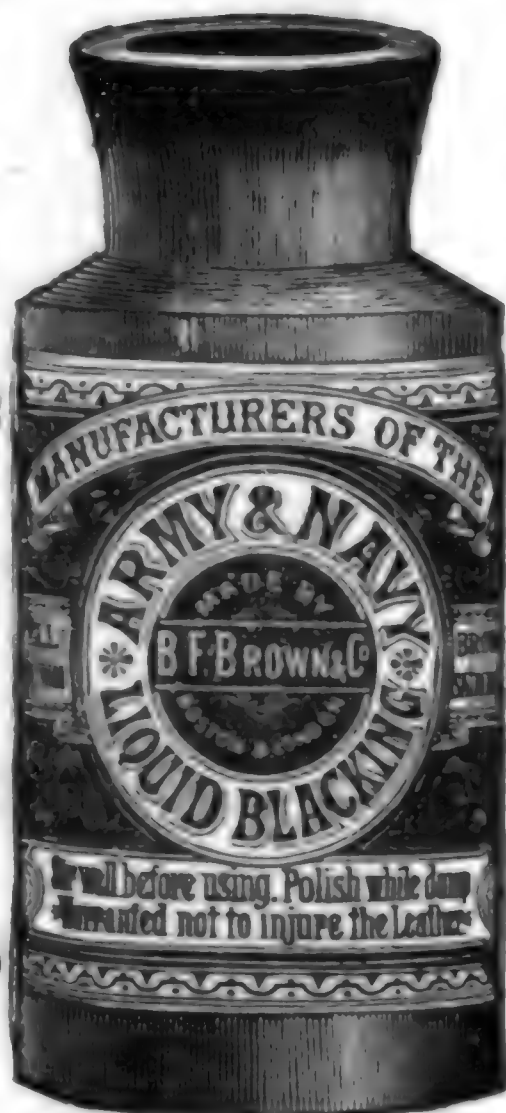
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For Gentlemen's Boots use ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING.

Gives a Brilliant Jet Black Polish quickly.

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"A priceless boon, a treasure more than wealth;
The banisher of pain, the key to health."

**BEECHAM'S PILLS,
ST. HELENS.**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

"SALVINE" SCIENTIFIC DENTIFRICE.

Especially designed by an Eminent London Dental Surgeon after some years' patient experiments. Not only WHITENS but also PRESERVES the Teeth.



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MADAME ALBANI writes:—"I am delighted with it; my mouth and teeth have felt more comfortable after using it than with any other preparation for the teeth which I have ever used."

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SALVINE SCIENTIFIC SOAP. A Perfect Toilet Soap. 2s. per Box of Three Tablets.

SALVINE TOILET POWDER. Pure and Safe. 1s. 6d., 8s., and 5s. White, Pink, or Cream.

SALVINE SHAVING SOAP. Soothing, Creamy, Emollient. 1s. and 2s. 6d.

SALVINE TOOTH-BRUSH. Specially designed to facilitate the effective cleansing of the Teeth. Adults, 1s.; Children's, 7d.

Of all Chemists, or Post Free from **Salvine Co., 3, Oxford Street, London, W.**

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COMPOSED LARGELY OF TOMATOES, MAKING A RICH DELICIOUS SOUP RETAINING FULL FLAVOR OF FRESH TOMATOES.

Packets & Tins 1lb 2/6 1/2lb 1/6 1/4lb 8d

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THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

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"BARBARA MOVED AWAY, WAVING THE TORCHES."



My eyes fell on her whose remembrance haunts me so cruelly. Separated by a narrow path from the gateway of the desolate pleasure-land was a long and irregularly shaped mere, whereon drifted a quaintly fashioned boat. A girl was leaning back by the stern, which her golden hair almost covered; her hands were clasped beneath her head, her eyes were closed, and she was singing Ben Jonson's ballad, "From Oberon in Fairyland," in a soft and dreamy voice. I had never heard it sung so before; there was a tone of subtle drowsiness, as if the woman's spirit were sleepily watching the fairies' revels.

I stood watching the boat as the slow motion of the water bore it along, when a voice disturbed me: "I do not understand why you are here. This is Welleth—a private park."

I turned. A woman, very soberly dressed, but possessing much dignity in the carriage of her slender figure, stood at my side. In a few words I told her how, whilst walking across the apparently interminable moor, I had lost my way, and had gladly hailed the sight of smoke in the coppice, just when the unpleasant fear of being benighted had almost become a certainty. She became very gracious.

"Although we live so far from the world," she said, "it has never been said that the Villages are inhospitable."

Even as she spoke, the girl, awakened now, rowed past quickly. One of her sleeves had been drawn back, and an already withering strand of woodbine, with great drooping bells, twisted around her arm. She was watching the water-weeds curve to the stroke of the oars, and did not notice us. As before, I forgot myself, and stood staring fixedly.

A murmured exclamation of displeasure,

however, distracted me; then a hand was laid on my arm. "My sister Barbara has strange fancies," my companion said, "I must beg of you to respect them."

I blushed—the hot blood almost scalded my face. "I could not help it," I replied simply; "I have never seen anyone so beautiful before."

"Come, let us go," she replied, "you are young—there are many women more beautiful."

I said nothing: that face was paramount, that voice, sweeter and more tender than any other. So we walked together to the house, whose red-tiled gables, surmounted by elaborately wrought leaden balustrades, appeared one by one through the trees. The court garden was an old world enclosure, where hollyhocks, fleurs de lys, and dahlias grew most luxuriantly.

Standing for a moment inside the porch, the lady leaned towards me. "We know nothing of the world," she said emphatically. Then she conducted me into a low pitched room, where the ceiling was covered with grotesque designs of birds and fruit, and the walls were panelled in dull, black oak. The furniture was sombre, despite its broad bands of gilt and rich carving, and on a table near the window lay a lute, with some sheets of manuscript music, copied in the style of two centuries ago, with square and lozenge shaped scarlet notes. As I passed, I saw that the interlined words were those the girl had sung.

Barbara entered the room now, clad in a loosely-fitting white gown, bound at the waist with an embroidered girdle, clasped with a silver owl's head. Her hair was gathered up in a knot, and entwined with a fanciful ornament of gold filigree, representing leaves and moths. Her whole appearance was ethereal, from the web of hair, into whose mesh the candle cast an



"A GIRL WAS LEANING BACK BY THE STERN, WHICH HER GOLDEN HAIR ALMOST COVERED."

almost supernatural light, to the dainty foot, sandalled in undressed leather.

Her face, although perfect in form, I scarcely noticed ; for to the eyes—those two sparkling amethysts—gleaming as if a mellow moonlight fell through them, they were but, as the rare setting of inestimably valuable jewels ; foils to the concentrated lustre.

She spoke her welcome softly and slowly, placing her hand in mine for an instant. Then, with marked confusion, she passed from the room, and her sister addressed me again with displeasure.

"I do not wish to seem rude," she said, "but had I known that you would have so abused my offer of a night's lodging, I should have allowed someone to guide you to the nearest farm."

I was silent. There were lines about her mouth that told me she was not altogether displeased with my admiration ; but when my hostess, after presiding at the supper table, inquired if I would go to my chamber, I acquiesced gladly.

I did not sleep until dawn, and then only for an hour. The time had been spent in fanciful and excited visions, and I had played the part of hero in a love story at least a thousand times. When I looked

from the window I saw that it was raining heavily, and that the clouds showed no prospect of fair weather, so, wondering what I should do, I dressed myself and descended to the parlour, where I had been on the previous night. Miss Priscilla was sitting there. She rose and advanced to meet me, offering her hat warmly.

After enquiring how I had slept, with more geniality than I had expected from her, she produced my note-book, which I had not missed.

"I have studied heraldry," she said. "You left this book on the table, and I could not refrain from looking at the crest on the back—the heart of the Carstones. See, I have Guillim here—here is the description : ' Barry of eight pieces, argent and gules, over all a pale sable charged with a cloven heart proper. Name, Patrick Carstone of Walmer : ' motto—do I translate correctly ?—' *Once broken, broken for ever.* ' "

Without waiting for a reply, she looked out from the oriel. "I am sorry the weather is so bad," she remarked, "for it must be very uninteresting for you to be immured in such a dull house, with only women about. It has rained very heavily during the night, and the path to Saltlees is like a

river. After breakfast we will go to the library, where you will find some books that will interest you, that is, if they are not too old-fashioned."

I dallied over my food—somehow I could not eat. Ever and anon I looked from the table to the door, in the fond belief that Barbara would enter. But I was doomed to disappointment, and I had at last to adjourn to the library.

Innumerable volumes in parchment and sheepskin filled the shelves, and here and there were busts in bronze, standing on pedestals. After Miss Village had shown me the principal treasures, which would have driven a bibliomaniac mad with unsatisfied longing, she seated herself on a couch, and began to talk in a curious strain.

"Mr. Carstone, it is so long since I saw anyone from the world," she began. "Barbara is not much of a companion for me; she sometimes frightens me with her songs and her fanciful moods. You know the legend of the changeling—well, when Barbara was a baby, my poor mother, as she watched the tiny face nestling on her bosom, used to call me to look at the fairies' child."

Her voice grew husky, and she paused for awhile. Then she continued, "And we loved Barbara deeply, my mother and I. Never was child more unselfish or more tender. Yet how we suffered when she got lost on the moors, and babbled such tales of elves and gnomes!"

Suddenly she noticed how eagerly I was drinking in her words, and rising to her feet in confusion, she pleaded household duties as an excuse for leaving me.

A chapel, hung with faded crimson velvet, opened to the left of the library. As I stood, I could hear a voice softly murmuring within. Filled with an unconquerable curiosity, I crossed the threshold, to see Barbara herself prostrate before the altar.

She was praying, and I

drew still nearer so that I might hear her words.

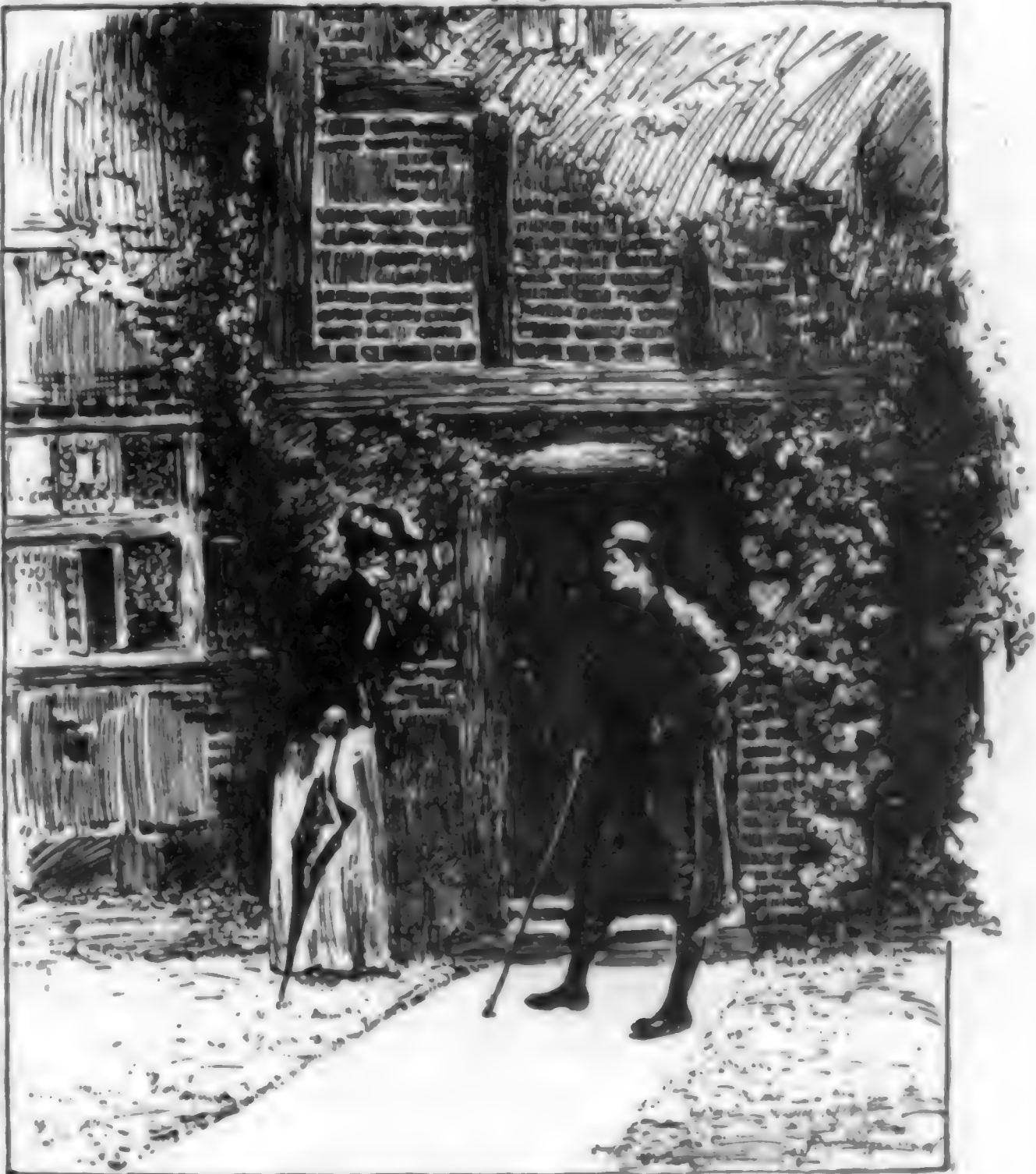
"Saviour! Watcher! Master! Why hath my life since yesterday been shaken? Why does his presence overturn all my dreams? Guide me to what is right!"

Then she rose, and I returned quickly to the library, only just in time to avoid her, for the moment afterwards she closed the door and walked along the corridor.

I knew that it was of me Barbara spoke. To this day, I believe that, had I doubted, life would have ceased then and there. I sank into one of the luxurious window seats, and gave myself up to a delicious vision.

As I sat, came a patter of light footsteps. "Forgive me," I heard a soft voice say; "I am unconventional in the morning. Do not regard it as a breach of hospitality that I was not with my sister to welcome you. To gain your pardon more easily, I have brought a portfolio of Bartolozzi's etchings—all of them—"

I raised my eyes slowly and fearfully, to



"WE KNOW NOTHING OF THE WORLD," SHE SAID EMPHATICALLY.

behold Barbara, standing with outstretched hands. As our gaze met, she shrank, and the etchings fell in all directions. Then she advanced—her face transfigured.

"Barbara!" I cried, "I love you! I love you!"

She leaned forward to my bosom, and her head rested against mine. Nothing but joyfully passionate sobs came from her lips, and no words from mine; yet a thousand declarations could not have told as much as did her murmuring and my silence. To both came the subtle knowledge that twin destinies had met, and that the future would be perfect. How long we stood together I know not, but it was Priscilla's presence that awoke us from our dream.

Her ghastly face and trembling figure had the effect of a pall. Her right hand was pressed to her throat, as if to conceal its writhing. When she spoke, her voice was harsh and metallic.

"My God! this is dishonourable conduct. What have you done to make my sister yield like that?"

Without a word, Barbara left me, and, placing both arms round the other's neck, kissed her fondly.

Then she whispered, "I love him. If you only knew how happy I am, you would not wound me by looking so!"

Priscilla, after trying in vain to subdue the working of her face, began to cry bitterly; and as

my presence seemed to make her hysterical, I found myself obliged to leave the room, not, however, without receiving a glance full of tenderness from the girl I loved.

Ostensibly I stayed for the purpose of re-arranging the disorderly library; and, during the three weeks it took me, I passed days of calm and almost preternatural happiness. In the afternoons, when the sun was waning, Barbara, Priscilla, and I, took long walks across the moors in all directions.

Barbara often said incomprehensible things, which, despite my mental blindness, I knew to be noble and great-hearted. Her inner belief, too, I could not fathom, for once, when alone with me, she declared that, as she roamed over the country alone, her soul left her, and dispersed into the songs of the birds and the chirping of the grasshoppers, and the fragrance of the summer flowers. A curious creed, consistent with no other creature—sprung from her own heart, tolerant of all nature—bearing love and pity, and full of a most sublime worship.

Priscilla, too, was happy in her own way. She was quieter, and more subdued than ever, and seldom spoke, but often caressed Barbara's hair, stroking it gently and kissing the golden strands.

So the time passed in sleepy joy, for it was summer, and the heavens smiled upon us. Every morning, however, I regretted another day past, for I knew that I must soon



AS I LEFT I RECEIVED A GLANCE FULL OF TENDERNESS FROM THE GIRL I LOVED.



"BARBARA, PRISCILLA AND I, TOOK LONG WALKS ACROSS THE MOOR.

leave the Grange, as I had promised my father to return in time for the festivities he had planned for my coming of age.

At last the day of parting came. Promising to write as soon as I reached home, and to return immediately my engagements would permit me, I packed my knapsack, was embraced by Priscilla, and with Barbara, who desired to accompany me along part of the road, I set out.

We walked in silence, our hearts too heavy for speech. Soon she placed her hand in mine, thrilling me with her touch, and we went like young children. We did not take the path by which I had reached the Grange, but a pack-horse track, that climbed to the summit of Welleth Edge.

After we had walked for an hour's space, the path began to descend sharply, and stopped before a wicket gate which led into a deserted garden. Rare flowers, of a kind I had never seen before, grew here amongst brambles, whose tendrils were monstrously long; a sluggish pond, full of efts, ever turning their silver bodies to the sunlight, lay beside the gate; and, far distant in the undergrowth, were the ruins of a great house.

"I must go no further," Barbara said.

She unfastened her shawl, one of gauzy scarlet silk, and spread it on the brown grass. Then, as I sat at her feet, and took

her hands into mine, she leaned forward and gazed into my eyes with a fond intensity.

"You would be faithful unto death," she murmured. "Ralph, you have awakened me to a beautiful truth—you have shown me what love is."

"And you, Barbara," I replied, "you have made me feel more like a god than a man."

A silence fell over us again, and lest she should bid me leave her, I refrained from breaking it. But before long she spoke:

"I will tell you now why I have brought you here," she said. "In the time of Elizabeth, our ancestor, Hugh Village, brought a statue of the goddess Flora—a gigantic white marble woman—from a grove near Ravenna, where it was said to exhibit supernatural powers. The country people about here always come, before venturing on any important affair, to see how the light falls upon it. If the head be crowned with an aureole, they will be very successful; if all to the waist be covered, their success will be indifferent; but, if the whole statue be enveloped, it is a fatal sign. I want you, as you pass the wood (from which there is a direct path to Saltlees) to look and see what omen attends us."

And Barbara laughed so silvery, and yet so mournfully, that I could not refrain from taking her face between my hands, and kissing it again and again.

"You must go now, Ralph," she interrupted, "if you are to consult the stone witch, you will have to hurry, for it all depends on the height of the sun, and the breeze parting the trees!"

Then, after a last embrace, I left her, and approached the pine-wood. There was a rustling amongst the undergrowth near me, as if some other living creature were hurrying in the same direction, but, although I looked carefully, I saw nothing. I reached the glade Barbara had pointed out, and stood for awhile gazing into the gloom. It was perfectly dense, and rank with the smell of wild garlic, and, as I believed that the sun must have sunk too low, I half turned away.

But, suddenly, an oblique ray burst through the foliage, and revealed the statue, at the end of a vista. The aureole came first: enhanced by the darkness the massive features quivered in the golden light. The sunbeams paused for a moment, and then, to my horror, descended slowly and surely until the whole was enveloped in a glittering pyramid.

The sound of a woman's sob startled me, but I saw no one, and, after a vain search, I hastened home.

My parents were waiting impatiently, and my mother chid me with much bitterness for not returning sooner. My father was in trouble and in danger, from which I alone could save him. In the years gone by, he had lived above his income, had yielded to temptation, and had used, as his own, funds which he held in trust for his orphan niece.

I alone could save him, my mother said; for my cousin, whom I had deemed a dear sister ever since she came to us in childhood, loved me with more than a sister's fond affection. The Manor House and the estate had been bequeathed by my grandfather to my father for life, then to me for life, with reversion to my eldest son; and so the land

could not be sold, but I was sacrificed instead.

My cousin, Cecilia Donne, was considered one of the most charming women in the county; but I had no heart to offer at her shrine.

Yet, in the short space of my married life (my wife was thrown from her horse three months after the wedding), I believe that she never awakened to the fact that I did not love her.

One day, very soon after our return from the honeymoon, I was sitting alone at Paston, looking blankly through the windows at the withered leaves tossed by the winter wind, when my mother entered.

She came to my side, and laid her hand on my head, as if some subtle intuition told her that I was troubled.

"Why are you unhappy, my boy?" she said. "Cecilia is in the still room: the roses are macerated now. Come with me, I am going there, and we will initiate you

in the mysteries of rose-water."

"I would rather stay here," I said. "I was only thinking about Welleth Grange, where I spent my summer holiday."

A flush of pleasure came over my mother's face. "You will be so glad," she said. "I forgot to tell you before. I sent one of your wedding cards there—you never mentioned it, and I was sure that you would be sorry if they were overlooked."

My last hope, that Barbara might believe me dead—might believe me anything but faithless, was gone, and the knowledge of this almost took away my reason. After that, every day brought more acrid recollections, until I was suddenly released from my bondage.

After the first shock, a feeling of unmitigated relief, which I strove vainly to repress, took the predominant place in my heart. The dead woman had been nothing to me. Barbara Village was my true wife, if love, the purest love of any human soul, could make for itself bonds; and as soon as possible after the funeral, I set out for Welleth.



BAD NEWS.

I spurred my horse cruelly, until I reached the moorland road that leads to the Grange. Here I dismounted, and sat on the bank for awhile, arranging my thoughts, and wondering how I should plead.

Evening had fallen when I reached the gate of the grounds, and the damp air, uprising from the mere, had turned into a mist, purple and golden, through which the red gables of the house loomed indistinctly. The espaliers growing on the garden walls seemed, in their delicate freshness, endowed with a purer and more joyous existence than other trees. Barbara had trained them, her hand alone had bound them to the wall.

Oh! if Barbara were working in the garden, and saw me, and ran to meet me!

But as I reached the steps of the porch an utter sickness of the heart filled me, for, glancing towards the latticed windows, I saw that each was covered with a white blind.

My God! What had my sin reached? Was—was Barbara dead? I seized the iron bell-chain and pulled roughly, hearing the heavy clang echo again and again.

After a wearisome time footsteps came along the passage, and with much unlocking, and drawing back of rusty bolts, the door opened, and Priscilla Village stood on the threshold. She held a candle in her hand, and with her thin fingers shaded the light from the wind.

Her whole appearance was changed; her face ashen; her eyes sunken and almost lifeless, and she shook from head to foot. As soon as she saw me she grasped the door with both hands and strove to close it.

"Go away," she muttered, "return by the way you came. You shall not see your fine work. You shall not see the ruin of our lives! Go home, or else I shall deal justly with you. Molest us no further."

"Where is Barbara?" I cried, my voice incoherent as hers. "I am free

now. I have come to beg her to forgive the past. Tell me. There is still time for happiness." And I raised my voice still higher, calling "Barbara! Barbara!"

She closed the door and went away.

I mounted my horse, determined not to return by the way I had come. I knew in what direction the pack-horse path lay, and, moreover, fancied that I might consult the too true oracle again.

But it was not that alone which made me go, but a prescience that I should meet Barbara there. I lashed the horse brutally and made him spring through the boxwood mazes of the pleasure. As he swam through the flooded stream that filled the mere, the silver bubbles on the green waterweeds separated and floated downwards, like clusters of glow-worms. The wild moorland beyond was lighted dimly by the faint beams of the moon.

In a few minutes I had reached the deserted garden of the ruined house. Here I dismounted again, and ran to the pine-wood. The great gloom of the place frightened me, and I paused for awhile, before daring to enter, what, in its blackness, appeared like a majestic hall, with roof supported by innumerable massive pillars. The ground was soft, and even marshy in some places, where the spring rains had left pools of liquid ebony, on whose surface floated intricate masses of cones and withered bracken.

A few weak rays of light entered here and there, only investing the whole with a



"HERE I DISMOUNTED, AND SAT ON THE BANK FOR A WHILE."

more fearful weirdness, and, forcing me to draw pale and ethereal faces from every tree—uncouth figures in loose black robes from every movement of the foliage.

I passed into the darkness. Scarcely had I entered the precincts than an unnaturally discordant voice in the distance began to rise and fall in wordless cadences.

Soon a light shone near the end of the glade. Unless my eyes were deceived, the statue of Flora lay shivered in pieces. The light grew larger and larger, and the voice approached. Then Barbara entered.

In each hand she bore a large torch, made of twisted strips of bark; one held high above her head, showing the white face and forehead, the other almost trailing on the ground at her side. Her yellow hair, dishevelled, caught like her garments by the wind, spread far behind, and writhed and coiled in the unequal flare.

She moved, stately as a goddess, her head thrown back with a regal supremacy.

As she reached the middle of the wood her voice ceased, and she sat down, placing the torches cross-wise at her feet. The resinous smoke ascended to the dried lower branches, where it assumed grotesque figures.

"Hush, Priscilla," she said, in a dull, soft voice, "it is against God's providence to talk so. It would never be allowed. Nay—he loved me—he loved me, and as for you—you would tempt me to unbelief. Comfort me, sister, instead. It is not so long since he went." Her voice grew shriller and shriller, with a tone that proved how sadness and hope contended. "He will return soon," she cried.

I crept towards her and folded her in my arms. "Barbara, Barbara, I am here!"

For a while she lay passively, leaning her head on my shoulder. A glad ecstasy filled me—never had man greater happiness.

Then, slowly turning her head, she looked into my eyes and showed me that all was lost. The wind, taking the pinetops, drew forth sonorous notes. Heavy and bitter groans crept down the trunks. With the sound Barbara rose, and began to sing, her voice, low and querulous now, the song she had sung at our first meeting.

She moved away rapidly, assuming a light and peculiar step, which accorded well with her whole demeanour; and, waving the torches to the slow rhythm of the music, with snatches of her song ever returning, she passed from my sight for ever.



THE OLD HOUSE WITH RED-TILED GABLES.

ON THE CITY WALL



by A. W. Barrett

It was in the old days, the days of the Civil War—when the crossbow still held its own in Merry England, and firelocks were weapons, precious it is true, but as dangerous to friend as to foe—that a hostile army camped itself in front of the sturdy old town of Lilburne.

Weeks passed, but they saw no sign of surrender in the rugged walls and determined attitude of the townsfolk; the flag still floated proudly, though a trifle ragged, from the castle tower; and still no messenger of peace appeared at the fast-closed gates.

All within seemed as silent as in a city of the dead. Assaults had been made, as the battered walls could show, but still the town held out, undaunted and untaken; and at length the weary army settled heavily down before the gates, leaving to hunger the work they were unable to accomplish by force.

It was a moonlight night, but heavy clouds crossed the sky, continually casting unwieldy-looking shadows on the ground around the town, making the moonshine

even more confusing than the darkness could have been.

The townsfolk had long given up guarding their walls; they had seen that the intention of their enemies was to starve them into surrender; and, having ceased to take precautions against assaults, they waited sullenly for the end.

Indeed, they felt that even the horror of an attack would be welcome, if it broke the monotony of the dreary days that passed so hopelessly by, bringing with them no hope of succour from their friends, only drawing them nearer and nearer to starvation and death: and all the town seemed hushed in a hungry restless sleep.

Had there been a sentry, by accident, on the deserted walls, he might have seen the shadow of a man occasionally crossing the bright rays of the moon, nearer and nearer to the town. But even had he done so, he would probably have raised his crossbow, taken a chance pot at the intruder, and gone hopelessly back to his plodding up and down: it was hardly worth waking the starving soldiers from the little sleep they had, for the sake of one man; what could one man do against a city that an army had besieged in vain, a young fellow, too, scarcely more than a boy by his face, though with a strong and well-knit frame?

The stranger seemed rather an unhappy wanderer than a likely enemy, as he strolled along, now casting a long shadow in the moonlight, now hidden from sight by a passing cloud; and, indeed, his mood was as dismal as his aspect, for young

George Warland, of the King's Own Guards, had no great cause for cheer.

He was thinking of the past as he wandered on, and his thoughts brought no joy to his heart, no smile of happy memory to his lips. He was thinking bitterly that friends were faithless and sweethearts false; and it was not good for him to be in that mood at his age.

It had made him desperate and careless; and night after night, after trying in vain to sleep, he wandered out, with his crossbow and bitter reflections to keep him company, half in the hope that he might discover some unsuspected weak spot in the enemy's defences, half as a cure for his melancholy. A bad cure, certainly; but it was cooler in the moonlight than in the feverish camp, and a trifle more sentimental, too, so on he went.

He was wondering sadly what he had done to deserve it all, when the moon, appearing suddenly from behind a cloud, struck on a loophole, bringing it out black and clearly defined against the whiteness of the walls; and as it tinged everything around it with a sudden silver, he seemed to see a figure standing silent, motionless, and ghastly white, gazing down on him from the hole.

So motionless did it stand, and so sudden was the sight, that George suspected that it was aiming at him, and ducked quickly into the nearest shadow, waiting for the arrow to strike.

No missile came, however; and almost as he stooped the moonlight faded out

again, and all was dark and silent as before.

He felt almost angry with himself for letting his imagination play such tricks with him; there had been no one there, he told himself, only the loophole, *that* was there, and how near the ground it seemed! There were no guards to be seen on the walls; the moat had long since been dried; if he could succeed in climbing the slippery glacis, he might reach the loophole, and crawl through into the town. He had wished for an adventure, and here was one ready to his hand.

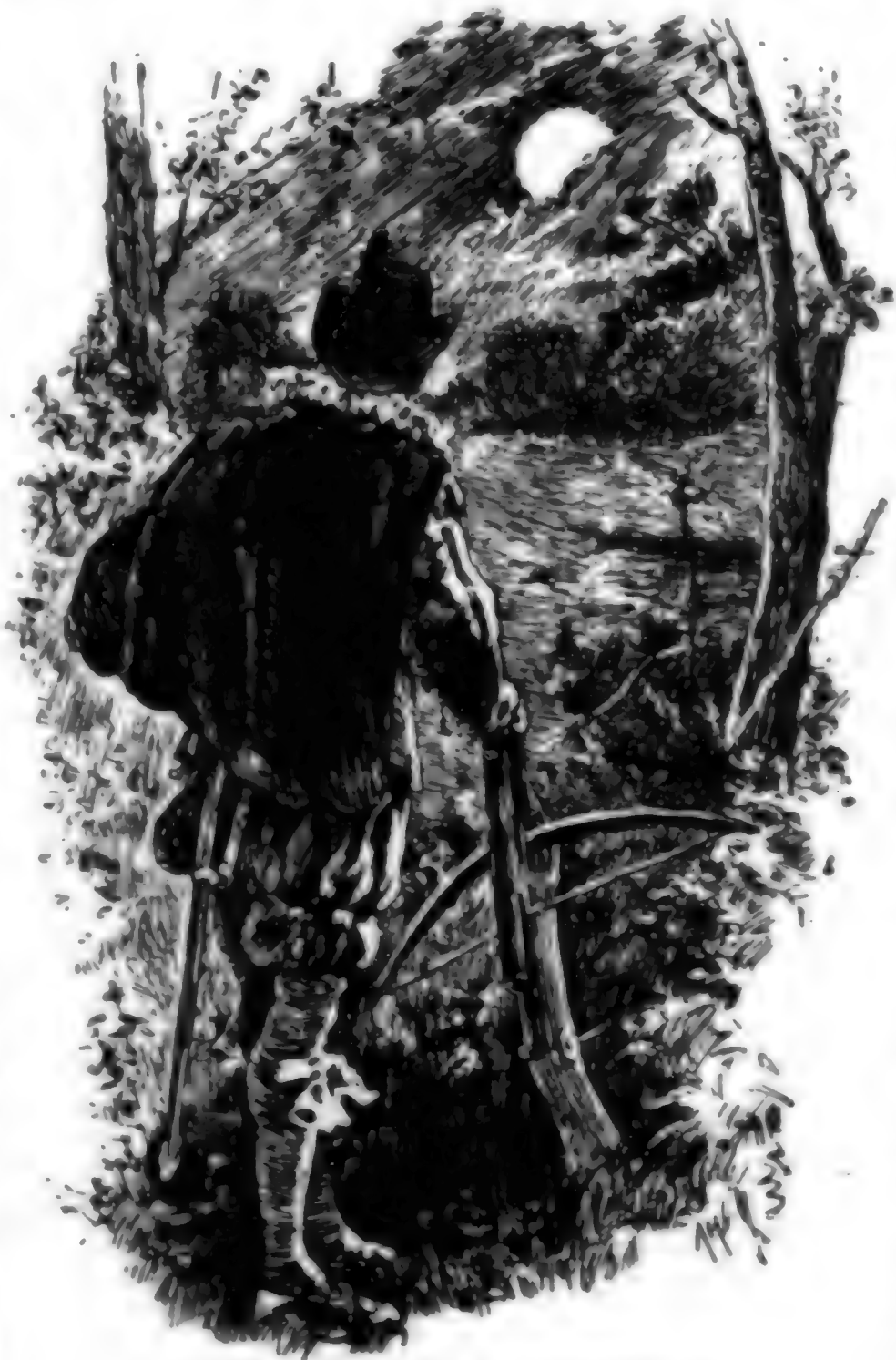
If he had been asked his object in entering the town, he would have been puzzled to find any answer, save that he was reckless and desperate, for he could hardly hope to take it single-handed; but he felt curious to know what was going on in that silent city, and he was deceived and deserted, and anyway, he was going to try.

If he broke his neck, or was captured and hanged — what did he care? He was too good a soldier of the King's to take his own life, but if anyone

chose to take it for him, and could do so, they were welcome; and here was a chance of dying with a little blaze of glory round him, so up he went.

It was a climb that tired even his tough nerves, and sometimes as he hung over the moat, life didn't seem so despicable after all; but he reached the top at last, and stretching his hands up to the loophole, swung himself heavily into the interior of the walls.

As he landed, exhausted and breathless,



"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE WANDERED OUT."

he slipped on the rough stones, and rising half dazed, felt himself seized from behind by a pair of hands that gripped and ground at his throat, till a solemn and dismal blackness began to creep over everything, and it was with difficulty that he kept his feet, strong as he was, while he cried gallantly:—

"Ay, but 'twill take more than one man to throttle the best wrestler in the King's Guards, though he does take him from behind."

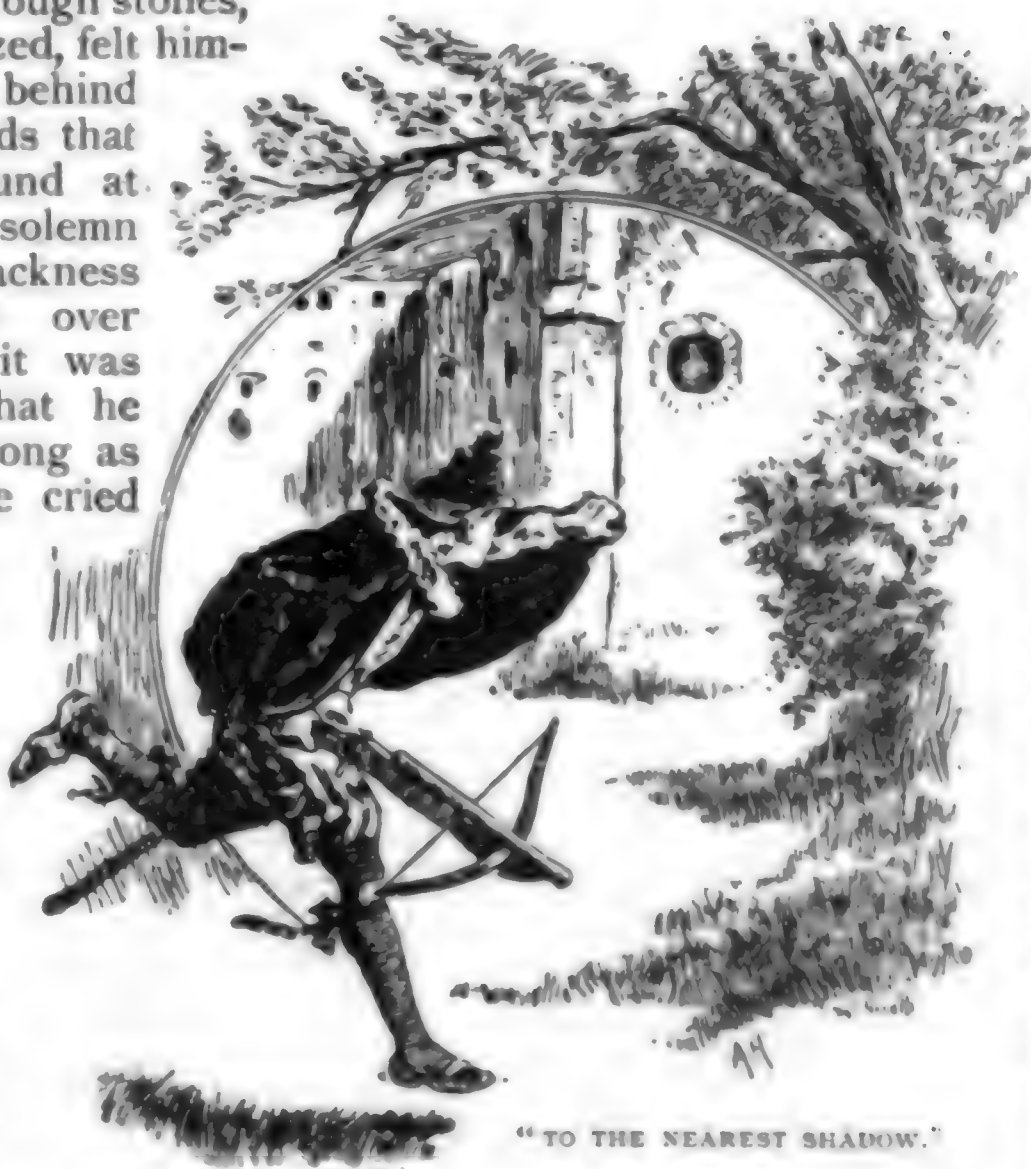
An empty boast, and he knew it, for the odds were against him; but, to his surprise, he was suddenly released, and heard a hearty voice cry in his ear:—

"Nay, lad, shalt not say that! Shall never be said, I took a man unawares, as if I feared him. See! I loose thee. Now, foot to foot, and grip me where thou canst; we'll have a tussle for it, face to face!"

The speaker's words were bold indeed; but, alas! for human generosity, they were but a brave husk around a sorry kernel.

A grip! a tug! and he found himself on his back with George Warland standing over him, gazing down on his prostrate form with joy and amazement in his honest eyes.

"Henry!" he cried, "Why, man! and have I bested thee at wrestling after all these years?"—then looking closer at him—"Why, no wonder I put thee on thy back so quick; art as pale and thin as—don't faint, man, don't faint! thou hast treated me badly, but I forgive thee. Don't give way—there, that's better. O, man, man! what had I ever done to thee that thou shouldst ruin my life, that loved thee so well. And Madge—and Madge"—and here the gallant victor broke down completely, in spite of his vows of forgetfulness and scorn—the meeting had been so



"TO THE NEAREST SHADOW."

sudden, and had brought back old times so vividly that he couldn't help it, but fell to sobbing like a child.

Henry was much the older of the two, and he had acted as guardian to George, who had lost his father whilst he was still a lad. He was a fine, fearless old soldier, and many was the friendly tussle they had had, he and George; and merrily they had lived together with his little daughter Madge, till one

day George had discovered that life wasn't worth living without Madge for a wife, instead of a playfellow; and Madge having discovered that she also loved him a few moments after, they had been happier than ever till George was called away to serve his king, and coming back, mad with love and hope, found their house deserted, and Madge and Henry gone, leaving never a word or sign behind them.

And so he had returned to the army with a broken heart and many vows of forgetfulness and scorn, and now—here in Lilburne, the stronghold of the enemy, was Henry, starving, and a traitor; and Madge?—O faithless and for ever renounced Madge, where was she?—where was she?

As he leant over Henry, trying what means he could think of to restore him to consciousness, and reflecting sadly on Madge's cruelty, he was startled to hear footsteps approaching from a distant part of the walls, and sounding sharply out, in the stillness of the night air. The sense of George's danger seemed to rouse Henry too, for he opened his eyes, and half rose to his feet:—

"They're coming, lad," he cried, "fly, fly, and leave me! I'm better, and it's a bad day for the King's soldier that's found

in this desperate place this night, we're almost done for! There's not a man, woman, or child in it, has tasted meat for weeks, or food of any kind scarcely. Many have died, but they'll never give in. See how weak even I am, now; and Madge, have you forgotten her—your little play-fellow Madge—she's here and starving, or soon will be, lad. I've waited here night after night, to get word with you. Often we've seen you from the walls, she and I, but we've never been able to send word to you till to-night, and Madge—but, hark! here they come, and this way, too, lad; you must fly! Shalt be told another time how we are here; now, hasten, lad, hasten!"

And he pushed George quickly through the loophole, and staggered away in the direction of the approaching footsteps; while George made the best of his way down the slippery wall, down into the darkness of the moat.

Was it his fancy, or did he really hear a sweet voice murmur his name, as he scrambled to his feet, on firm ground, at last?

Though he turned quickly and gazed up at the walls, he could hear nothing; and after waiting nearly an hour in vain, as no other sound greeted his ears, he retraced his footsteps slowly towards the camp.

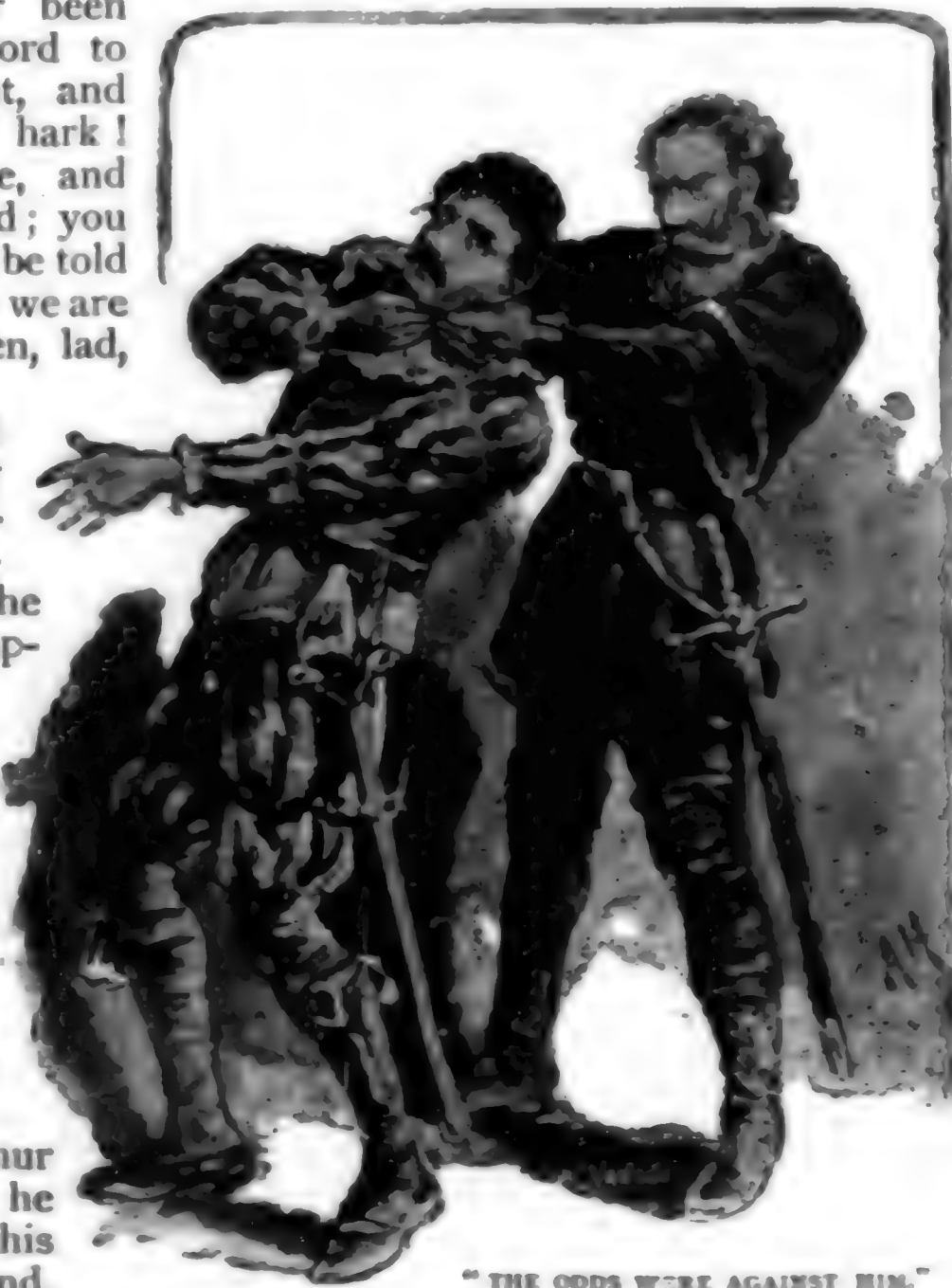
Forget! that voice and unexpected meeting had told him how vain were all his vows; that his love only burnt the fiercer for subjection; how he worshipped her still! and she was starving in that doomed city, and he must save her—and saving her betray his King and the comrades of a dozen fights—what could he do! What could he do! What cursed fate had brought them all to Lilburne!

It was with a heavy heart that he flung

himself down in camp, and waited sleeplessly for the dawn that was so long in coming, the dawn that was to see him a traitor to his King—and to what end—to save a deserter and a heartless jilt from the fate that they had brought on themselves—to ruin a young life, or rather to finish the ruin that Madge had already begun.

Unfortunately for George, the comrade who shared his tent was an honest soldier

who did not happen to be suffering from a broken heart at that time, and who, having worked hard all the day, considered that he was at least entitled to his rest at night; and for some time, though he held his peace about it, George's behaviour had irritated him exceedingly. What could a man want wandering about in the moonlight, instead of keeping quietly to his bed? Lovemaking! well, he didn't object to that himself, at times; but then there were no women in camp, so that could not



"THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM."

be the reason. George had never confided in him, naturally enough; but even if he had, he couldn't have understood how love could keep a man from his sleep; so after a few days of this treatment, he began to suspect that all was not as it should be with his brother soldier, and being kept awake by George's restlessness, he began to watch him silently from beneath his blanket.

That night George was gone longer than usual, and the soldier made up his mind that he would follow him next time he went, and put an end to his wanderings once and for all; if they were anyway unworthy of the service, that was.

And so it came about that, as night came on and George, having starved himself all day, crept out of camp with a day's rations slung on to his crossbow, a figure crept out after him, following silently in his shadow, or in the darkness, till he came at last to the very walls of the enemy's city.

Now at this point, the figure began to be very sorry it had ever come. It was a plain, matter-of-fact soldier, was this figure. It fought bravely enough for its money and its rations, but it liked to fight by day and sleep at nights, not to spend them in wandering about under the walls of a desperate town, with the chance of getting an arrow in the brain, and never a chance of striking a blow in return; so he was about to retreat in good order when, to its surprise and dismay, George commenced to climb the wall itself.

"Oh! He's mad!" thought the soldier; but it was worth waiting to see what would come of his madness; the man who would tackle a town singlehanded was worth waiting for, and carting back to camp when he fell, as he was sure to fall; so he sat down in the moat and waited, calmly watching the reckless climber, scrambling from stone to stone, clinging like a limpet to every projection, till he reached the loophole and hauled himself in at last.

"Fore heaven! he's up!" cried the figure, and had almost a mind to follow him, when he heard a soft voice greet the adventurous soldier, and saw a pair of white arms go round his neck,

while a man relieved him of his bundle, and then the three of them turned and walked a few steps into the interior of the wall.

The figure staggered to its feet, making a straight line for camp, gesticulating wildly as it passed away into the darkness.

* * * * *

"And you have risked your life for me, though you believe me false, and my father a traitor to his King?" murmured Madge sadly, as George, having accomplished his task, prepared to descend the wall again.

"Believe," he cried, "believe! and you left me who loved you so well, with never a word to comfort me or tell what had befallen you—left me thus, I, who loved you so dearly, who would give my life for you!"

"I know," she murmured, half angry, half crying, "you risk it even now,

but since you think us traitors, risk no more for us, leave us to our fate. Go!"

"What can I think?" he cried; "I find you here in this cursed city, and your father fighting on their side. Tell me—tell me what it all means—what has changed you thus?"

"No!" she answered, bitterly, yet pleased at his emotion, "you shall suffer in your turn, tomorrow perhaps"—she relented a little—"yes, tomorrow you shall hear our story. Now, go! I see my father warning us. Go! Oh, go! quickly!"

A hasty, half repulsed embrace, and she fled, leaving George, half puzzled to make his descent alone.



"LIFE WAS NOT WORTH LIVING WITHOUT MADGE."

She returned, however, when he was well on his way down. She didn't want to talk to him any more that night. She had meant to tell him all, and Henry, seeing the misunderstanding, had walked away and left them to arrange it between themselves; but George's coldness and mistrust had offended her mightily, and she would make him suffer in his turn.

She could have told him how the enemy, retreating northwards, had passed their home, and, breaking in, had found Henry on leave for a few hours from the command of his regiment, and how the officer in command of the enemy's troops, finding her the prettiest girl in all the countryside, had taken them both captives with him to Lilburne. She could have told him that Henry had lain there imprisoned till her entreaties to the officer had obtained his freedom on parole, and that the officer had fallen at the first assault. She could have told him that Henry was not the man to break his parole, or she the woman who could feel no pity for the poor starving wretches in the besieged city, and refrain from helping those that needed a tender and patient nurse. She could have told him of their sufferings, and the straits to which they had been reduced—straits in which all party feeling was forgotten, and captors and captives joined together in common misery; of her joy at seeing him from the city walls; the sleepless nights she had spent watching to send him a word of hope and comfort that she needed so sorely herself. His mistrust had frozen the words on her lips.

Yet what a brave *bear* he was! she thought sadly, risking his life even now for *her*; and she loved him so.

She waved her little kerchief, and blew him a kiss, as he looked up and saw her watching.

Alas! it was an unlucky kiss; for, as the little kerchief fluttered white against the sky, a shout came up from the moat and George fell heavily, motionless to the

ground, as a cloud of arrows whistled past her.

She was pushed roughly aside as Henry rushed to the loophole, and clambered out to George's rescue, and almost as she fell, the town, roused to the attack, flew to arms.

* * * * *

It was but a short struggle this time, though fierce enough while it lasted. Roused from their sleep, starving and weak, the townsfolk stood no chance with the soldiers from the camp, well fed and trained, and fighting in the belief that they were being betrayed by their own side; and when morning came, it was in their hands. The chiefs of the townspeople were condemned to death, and the starving people fed at last.

Luckily for George, he was so severely wounded that he was believed to be dead, or he would have been shot on the ground, as a traitor to his King and his regiment.

As it was, he survived, though his recovery was for a long time doubtful; and by the time he had recovered his strength, the whole circumstances of the case had been reported to His Majesty by his faithful servant and officer, Henry.

As His Majesty at that time could ill spare a gallant soldier from his own guards, and as he could hardly condemn George for succouring His Majesty's faithful lieges, held captive in an enemy's town, George was graciously pardoned and promoted.

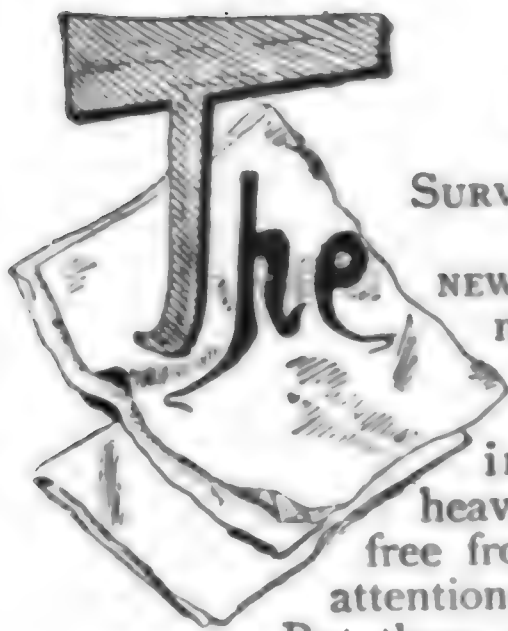
But no promotion was so sweet as that which made him Madge's husband, and happiness was theirs once more; but Madge, remembering the suspicion of bearishness that hung over George since that eventful night, never told him of the officer and his kindness to her father, or that he was the cause of their meeting and misunderstanding on The City Wall.



"GEORGE WAS PARDONED."



By E. GOWING-SCOPES.



CHAPTER I.

SURVEYING THE IDEA.

NEWSPAPER tells of much that happens and much that does not, in fact, neither heaven nor earth is free from the incessant attentions of the scribe.

But there is no newspaper devoted to the trials and troubles besetting the realms of fancy, or to record the laws that govern a mighty kingdom whose lordly habitations are each and all "castles in the air."

What strange sight should we look upon, were our eyes unsealed and our weak human vision permitted to perceive a living picture of that vast city, built and re-built in vain-glorious imagination, and as yet only seen in the mind's eye of its innumerable architects?

Would it be as a sea of floating ashes, from which, even as we gaze, bright

towers spring into mid-air, built as the tower of Babel that they may touch the heavens, but falling continuously back into the chaos of their own conception?—would it not show us many a sweet maiden face as it has floated through the atmosphere of young lovers' dreams?—then would not the whole scene glitter with gold as piled heap upon heap in the warped imaginings of the miserly mind?—ah, and would it not all be red with blood, for has not the cruel glutton of selfishness wished more dead than ever filled the graves of all the world?

Truly the picture grows more sad than sweet, more terrible than beautiful, as we try to decipher its form and colouring. Maybe that after all we are happier in that we see no farther than the tips of our noses.

The newspaper deals alone, then, with life's realities, joyous or solemn, virtuous or criminal, as the case may be, leaving untouched the hopes, fears and dreams that go to make up the larger portion of everyday existence.

CHAPTER II.

AS HE WAS KNOWN.

His full name was Richard Webber Reid, consequently everyone called him Dick, except funny little Sparling, and he nicknamed him "Kites." The truth was,



A CORNER OF DICK'S PICTURE.

taken a mean advantage of. Seemingly his feelings, too, had some justification, for the Press generally made a joke of the picture. However, there were a few fair notices, although Reid characterised them all as "rot," inasmuch as the critics did not know what the picture was intended for. The following was one of the most friendly criticisms:—

"On the line, and bearing the title 'Castles in the Air' is a somewhat strange production by R. W. Reid. We do not know the artist, and if this is the class of work he is in the habit of producing we do not expect he will ever be known. The canvas represents what appears to be a scene on the River Thames. On the one side we get a glimpse of the well-known line of wharves, but on the other, and leading up to the foreground, is

that although Dick Reid was known as a clever fellow, and one who would at some time take a first place, he had turned out but a single picture that had really been shown. Nor would this have ever seen the light of day at the Academy had not the two young artists that occupied the next room taken advantage of Reid's illness to send it in. To the surprise of the little Colony at the New Temple, it was accepted, and hung in a good position, but what surprised them more still was that Reid, immediately he heard of it, expressed intense annoyance. He considered that any chance of a respectable reputation for him was ruined by the exhibition of such a picture in his name. Vainly they argued that it was a good specimen of his style, the kind of thing he always painted; he only became the more irritated, and informed his neighbours that he had been

an embankment in classic style, with white marble steps down to the water's edge; colonades support the overhanging gardens, midst which figures move, clad in flowing robes, seemingly utterly regardless of the weather. But the strangest features consist of a peculiar pink haze that hangs over the whole, entirely transparent, yet lending a soft, warm touch of colour to everything, and this is reflected in the perfectly clear waters of the river. There is also a faint suggestion of a mighty awning, covering the entire scene, but whether this is intended as such is not clear. Here and there, too, are glimpses of strange mechanical contrivances, the workings of which are not apparent in the picture, but the queerest effect of all is produced by the introduction of what appears at first sight to be huge bluebottles darting through the air enveloped in a glowworm-like light. One of these is sufficiently well in view to show that it contains a number of people, and some engineering apparatus at the head. We can only conclude that these are intended for flying-machines. Enough has been said to convey an idea of this wild imaginative effort, but it is only fair to the artist to add that the composition and

finish of the entire work proves Mr. Reid to be possessed of an almost startling power over colour. He has so wrought his pigments as to give living light to his picture, and it is undoubtedly this quality alone that has gained for it admission to the Academy."

and with a "Thank you, old boy, I'll see about the oil," Sparling departed.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HE KNEW OF HIMSELF.

It was because Dick Reid had produced many pictures of this class, all more or less incomplete, but all conveying an idea of weird flights of imagination, that his little friend Sparling nicknamed him "Kites," the inference being that his ideas were up in the air.

But there was one very practical side to this young fellow's work—he could paint a good portrait, and he was consequently able to earn a respectable living.

"I would not have cared if you had sent that portrait in," he remarked, during one of the discussions on the Academy exhibit.

"What, that of Denny's sister?" chirped in Sparling.

"Yes, it's the only one I have done lately, and I reckon it's the best bit of work I ever did."

"But where was it, old man? I was on for sending that, but couldn't find it."

Reid blushed, attempted to explain that the canvas was wet, and felt that he would like to punch Sparling's head.

"How is Miss Denny getting on in her new vocation, Kites?" asked the irritating little man, with apparent indifference.

"How should I know?" answered Reid. "What do you want to know for?"

Sparling paused a moment, and then responded very deliberately: "Kites, you are in a pig-headed state of convalescence. I think I'll leave you to stew in your own juice."

"All right, old boy. I'm a bit seedy, and shall turn in early. Lend me a little of your oil, my lamp's low, and I'm run out."

"Right you are, thou unwise virgin." Then an idea struck the little man, and he returned with, "Say Kites, if you could manage a half sovereign for a couple of days it would just help me to——"

The necessary coin passed before the request was completed,

There was no doubt about it, Reid was miserably seedy. Weak from his recent illness, in love with the subject of his portrait without daring to say so, annoyed about the Academy incident, and lost in the maze of a wild fancy, he felt for the moment that life was a failure, and it was a pity he had recovered.

Ramming a pipe full of tobacco, he stood in the middle of the disordered appliances, too wretchedly weak, perhaps lazy, to even collect his brushes. Stalking up to the fireplace, he saw his face reflected in the glass. He was disgusted with his own washed-out looking countenance. Like most pale, sensitive young men with heads full of strange fancies, his face underwent extreme variations. At times that glass would reflect



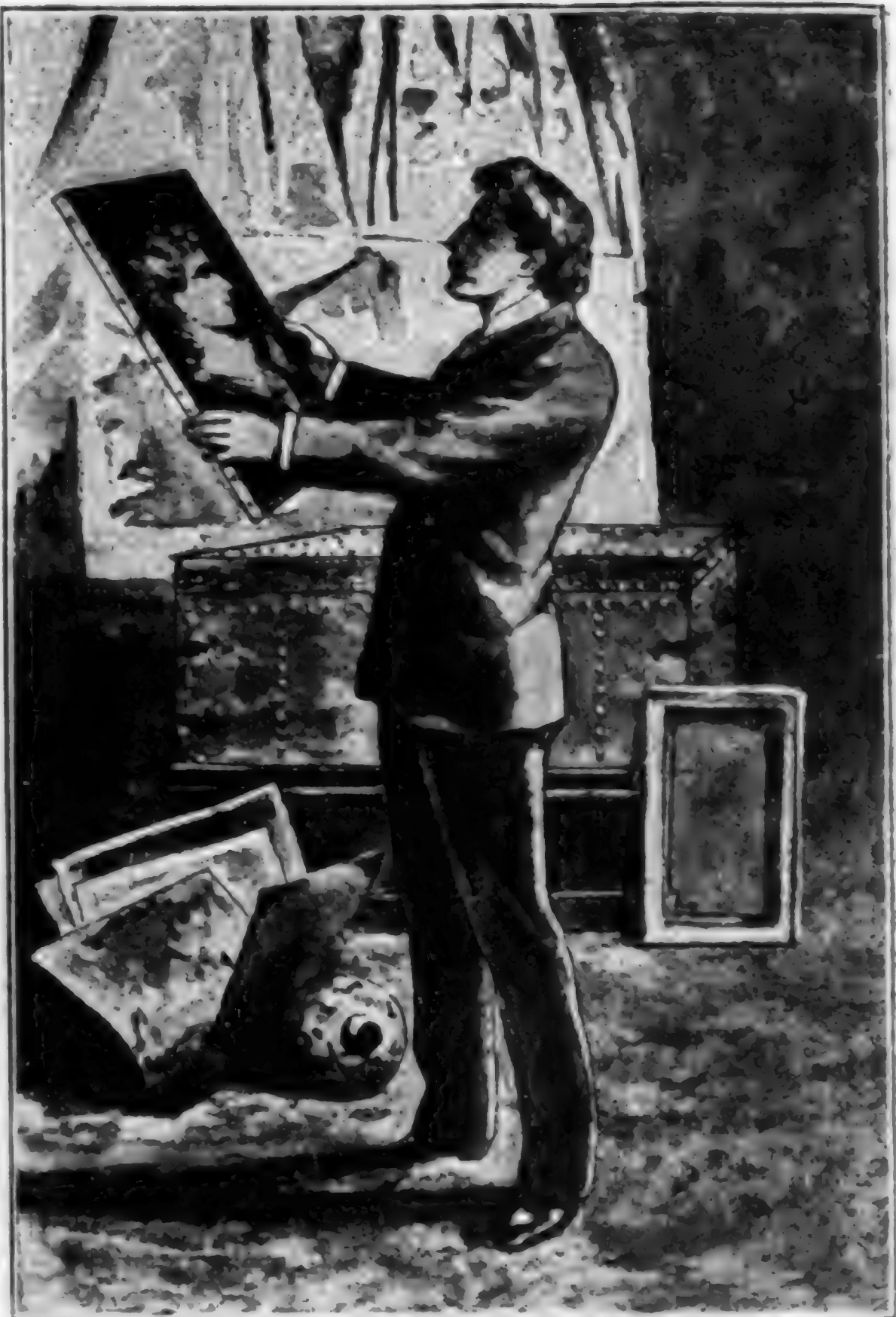
"FOR FIVE MINUTES HE STARED BLANKLY."

features clearly cut, with two burning eyes, lips well reined in, and an expression telling of the ambition and ability that lay behind; at others, it was a heavy serious face, with knitted eyebrows, and hair dishevelled, but often it was a poor, dejected-looking human dial, quite run down. Just now it was at its worst, and the owner knew it.

For five minutes he stared blankly into the too truthful mirror, and then quietly laid down his pipe and proceeded to address himself. He often found this a very good way of curing what he and his friends knew as "the blue-devils." With legs apart, and his fists almost bursting the bottoms of his trousers pockets with the pressure, he thus spoke:

"Dick Reid, you weak-minded idiot, why don't you pull yourself together and do something? (The reflection in the glass looked fierce). You know if you liked to pull yourself together and work, you could lick the lot of them. (The mirrored face smiled approval). You might make a name that she would be pleased to wear, though she might not love you. (The reflection looked surprised at the idea). Why weren't you one of those jolly, happy fellows that girls are always sweet on. (The facial barometer sank to zero, and the wearer was on the verge of using a brief and unrecordable expression, when his fancy shot off at a tangent). Ah, you miserable wretch, why don't you start writing that book? If it is a success, she will sure to hear of it. (Reflection very happy). Fancy all the papers discussing the contents of Reid's wonderfully illustrated work: 'A New Heaven and a New Earth.' (Dignified air of successful man). Ah, why don't you do it? Why, why, why?"

With this, Richard Webber Reid fell to thinking of the various suggestions he



"WILL YOU EVER REALLY LOOK AT ME?"

would make in his book. In this he proved his ingenuity, for in a moment his brain was concocting several entirely new treatments of buildings and rivers. He turned to make a note of these things, but the very movement broke the line of thought, and a slight blush and smile, almost imperceptible, told of a new idea. He went straight to a cupboard, unlocked it, and drew out a canvas wrapped loosely in an old piece of baize. After glancing at the door, Dick uncovered the canvas, and holding it at arm's length, muttered: "Will you ever really look at me with a smile like that, and mean it for me, only for me? What are you doing now in that beastly hospital? Why did they let you go into that place to study? Why did

you want to go? Are there other fellows there? Is that why you never come here now? You don't think it manly to be an artist. Men ought to be doctors, or something that will make the world more what it ought to be——"

A thud at the door had the effect of plunging the canvas into the cupboard again without ceremony, and Dick was soon taking in Sparling's oilcan.

"Don't use it all, old boy, or there won't be any to light the fire with," bawled the little man along the corridor.

When the lamp was filled and lighted, Dick was in too chaotic a state of mind to settle to work, he could only churn over and over again the ideas for his unwritten book, and through it all was a maiden's face.

Here he suddenly became very decided, and in less than a minute had locked the door, drawn out his bed from behind the curtains, stood the table beside it, shied one or two books on the floor near by, swallowed a dose of medicine, and pulled off some of his clothes. In a minute or two more, our friend justified his title of "Kites" with a flying leap into bed, and a double shuffle down between the sheets. For a long while he lay glaring at the lamp, until his eyelids began to blink in a very sleepy fashion. It was an artistic but rickety table, and the big, glass oil lamp made it rather top-heavy. Twice he half rose with the idea of extinguishing the light, and before there was time to think of it again Dick Reid was sound asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

AS WE ALL KNEW IT.

It had been a rowdy sitting of the House of Commons, and a fire that had occurred

at the New Temple Studios late at night was dismissed in the following few lines by the morning papers:—

FIRE NEAR FLEET STREET.—Between one and two o'clock this morning a fire broke out on a portion of the top floor of the well-known New Temple Studios. A small colony of artists mostly occupy these rooms, and it seems that one of these gentlemen went to bed leaving an oil lamp burning by his side. By some means this exploded, and quickly enveloped the apartments and adjoining landing in flames. The occupant was rescued in an unconscious condition, and fearfully burned. He was removed under the care of Dr. Quicke to St. Bartholomew's hospital. A few canvases alone were saved.

And this was all the world knew or seemingly ever wanted to know of so comparatively unimportant an event. But there was another story, and this from dreamland.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT WE KNOW OF A DREAM.

One day, may be, we shall understand what it is that produces dreams; that is to say, what are the necessary conditions for a particular result. But we shall only find this out by a systematic study of the occult cause, and not by taking one or more specimen effects and searching for their origin. All we know as yet—after eighteen

hundred years of Christianity, and other things—is that when the body sleeps, and the brain works, the work done is entirely dependent upon preceding lines of thought and immediate surroundings. For instance, a man struggling through a maze of accounts, particularly if supported with the knowledge that he is on the brink of bankruptcy, will go to bed, and, falling asleep on his back, will dream possibly of account books filling the air and weighing down upon him. The sense that the books are his enemies will lead to



"SPARLING'S OILCAN."

his imagination picturing demons and other uncanny individuals wielding them over his head; and should there be some noise in the room while he sleeps, he will connect this with the fall of the books upon him. Or may be he will dream calmly concerning the matter, and with the brain freed from the irritating influences of a restless, overtaxed body; he will actually work out financial problems while asleep that his waking hours could not solve. There are also other remarkable possibilities to the dreamer by reason of the special opportunities the brain has while the body is in a torpid condition; but inasmuch as we have been too busy money-making to study these things, it has been convenient to attribute them to witchcraft, miraculous revelations, etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT HE KNEW OF IT.

Dick took his weary bones to bed only to leave his brain as active as if he were wide awake. The lamp was shining brightly on his face, and he was uncomfort-



"RESCUED IN AN UNCONSCIOUS CONDITION."

ably near the edge of the bed. He had slept heavily in this position for an hour or so when he rolled over on to his back, and lay with his arms free and his legs entangled among the bed-clothes. Thus he dreamed of strange things, and this is what he dreamt.

He and Winifred Denny were out together walking hand-in-hand. All they saw was strange to him, but Winifred seemed to be quite used to it, and only looked up in his face every now and again with a smile that spoke her pleasure and confidence in his company. He was quite happy, but could not, somehow, ask her what all the strange sights meant. At the head of a narrow canal, they stepped into a little craft that only needed their weight and his guidance to go shooting along. It was evident they were entering a busy city, and he noted a vast transparent awning that seemed to be floating high above the pinnacles of the town, in mid air. When the sun burst upon it, the monster canopy looked as though it were a burnished silver dome, almost too brilliant to look upon; but when the rays of the sun were less strong, he saw mighty bird-like forms darting across the surface, now meeting and remaining for a few minutes nigh motionless, and then darting off again. But in a while, he saw they moved in given directions, and dropped on the outskirts or disappeared beneath the colossal umbrella. The tiny specks, moving about on the top, in spite of the undulations, were undoubtedly men at work. Their boat was now rapidly approaching the buildings of the city, and the canal was only about three yards wide, with carved masonry on either side, that offered every convenience for alighting. This canal ran straight down the roadway, and on both sides were moving tables, continuous in length, and apparently running on covered wheels. Pedestrians stepped easily on to the tables by taking hold of a small runner or second table that worked on the top of the other. The principle on which it operated was simplicity itself.

Winifred took little or no heed of these things, and did not seem to notice Dick's embarrassment. He had no desire to get out and walk or ride on the sideways tables.

(The sleeper yet lay peacefully on his back, only now and again turning

his face toward the full glare of the lamp, or into the shadow of the bed awning. His arm was around the pillow, and the bed-clothes had shifted half way down his chest.)

Neither of them had spoken all the way. They only looked from each other's faces to the passing scenes, but he was feeling intensely happy, with his arm around her waist. They were now beneath the vast awning; the stately buildings rose up on either side, all built of glass. The solid columns and broad balconies, wrought in innumerable devices, the balustrades around the open roofs, all was of glass. Dick did not

notice for some time that the very atmosphere was coloured a pale rose tint. Overhead, was a hazy cloud of pink that obscured the fairy-like tent roof, but the rays of the sun were able to penetrate quite through. He had just observed this, when the entire tone of the atmosphere changed to a pale green, and all around, as far as the eye could see, was of the same hue. The glass facades and the waters reflected it, and the very heavens were of spring-like green. Perhaps most strange of all, was the fact that there was no noise. Innumerable other barques darted by; the mighty bird-like forms, radiant with light, cut through the air—they were flying-machines carrying from six to twelve passengers—and many



DENNY'S SISTER.

people passed along the balconies, or along the canal bank by tropical trees, but no sound broke the sweet beauty of the scene. Nearer to the heart of the city the little craft drew, when the very waters seemed to undulate to the throbbing of low music—music that penetrated every fibre of Dick's being. It was strange music, too, for it made little or no noise, and one felt rather than heard it. But it grew louder as the boat sped on, and everyone took up the strain, at first in a low key, and then more loudly joined in with their voices. Winifred was singing softly, and Dick's own voice blended with that of the mighty choir. The thought crossed him for the moment that he was in the aisle of some wonderful

cathedral. With her hand Winifred drew the boat to the bank and stayed its progress, easily stepping out, and he rose and followed her. He knew he had little more than a winding-sheet around him, but all were attired in material deftly draped, falling loosely about their shoulders and on to the ground. Passing up on to one of the balconies, the pair were able to cross the street by means of light cord bridges, and many descended from these with parachute-like arrangements over their heads with all the ease imaginable. Within the apartments of the houses some were selecting various draperies from among those that hung around, and they attired themselves in a few moments in these without heeding or being heeded by others. The music had gradually stopped, and there was no singing. Dick was looking over the street, thinking he descried something like a river in the distance, when he heard Winifred say—"The Thames." By passing on to the running tables they quickly neared the river, and there it was, just as Dick had painted it.

(The sleeper here raised his arm from the pillow, and giving it a sudden turn struck the table with his hand. The fragile piece of furniture shifted on its tiny castor-wheels with the blow, and the lamp fell with a crash. The burning oil ran along the almost naked floor until it reached the window curtains. These immediately ignited, and the room was soon full of smoke. The dreamer did not awaken.)

Dick was looking upon the river when he turned to find Winifred gone, and the

next moment the mighty awning seemed to burst with a fearful noise. It was now all darkness, and he groped about in despair. All was chaos. The very buildings seemed to be snapping and falling. Dick also found that he could not move along, his legs were hopelessly bound together.

With a supreme effort to free himself he awoke, only to fall back choked and insensible.

CHAPTER VII.

AS SHE KNEW IT.

A white thin face with two piercing eyes are looking steadily down the hospital ward. The nurses pass silently to and fro, but one young girl comes to Dick and looks surprised yet pleased to find him awake.

"You are feeling stronger to-day?"

"Yes, Winifred. I think I might tell you all about it to-day."

"Very well, only talk quietly."

Then in a low voice and with eyes that never wandered for a moment from the sweet face by his side, Dick related his dream to the only woman in the world who would be interested in it. Blushingly and tremblingly she took in every word.

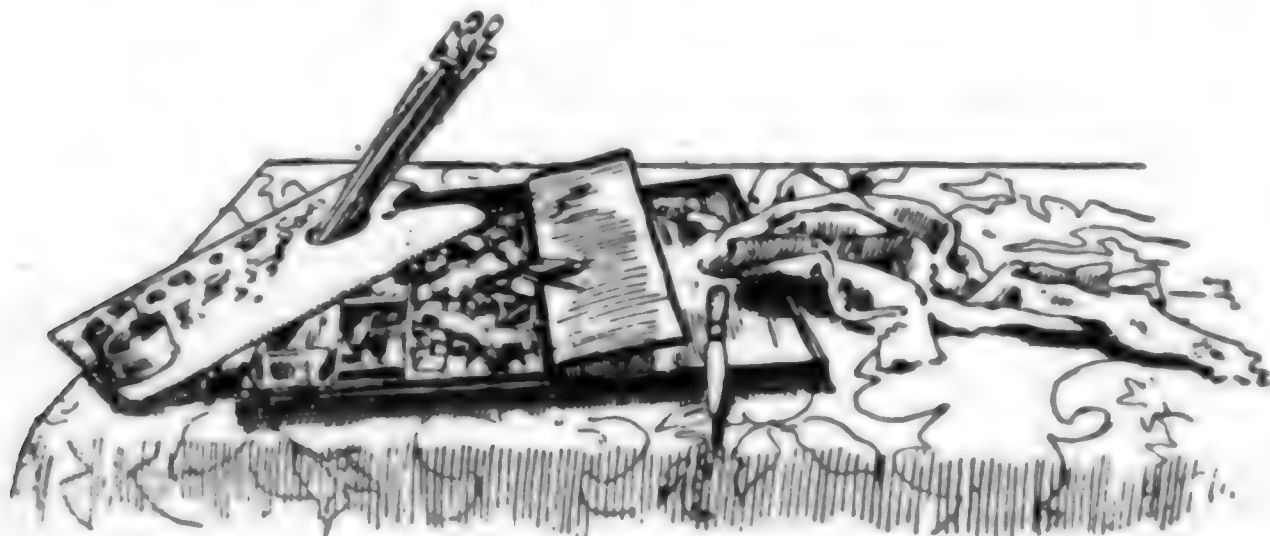
CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HE DID AND COULD DO.

If you want a good portrait go to Dick Reid, but you must pay his price.

The picture of his young wife in this year's Academy is the best thing there.

He still says that one day he is going to write a book entitled "A New Heaven and a New Earth."





LOVE, ladies and gentlemen, is the primary cause of most human actions," the Honourable Reginald Majoribanks began, reading from the manuscript he held in his hand. "Now love may be of three distinct kinds or varieties : first of all, there is self-love, which generally prompts a man, who has made a tour round the world, to bring back notes enough to fill two or three volumes for the circulating libraries ; secondly, there is love of an individual of the other sex, which generally prompts one to bring back presents for the object beloved," here the speaker slightly inclined his head, and smiled unmistakably at his cousin, Miss Mary Beauchamp ; "and thirdly, there is love of one's family, specially developed in my case, I have been told by a learned professor of phrenology, and this has prompted me to bring home the body of a relation in a bottle."

At a sign from their young master, two menservants began to unpack a long, narrow case, which looked as if it might contain a coffin ; but, as some of the ladies present shuddered, the speaker continued :—

"The captain is not dead ; he has only stayed in a trance and in the bottle for forty-four years."

Lord Majoribanks, who had been sitting somewhat apart from his guests, and those whom his son had brought down to Majoribanks Hall, now nodded to the old

family physician, Dr. Temple ; and when that gentleman took a seat by his side, his lordship said :—

"I am afraid poor Reginald is quite mad. When I arranged his marriage with his cousin, you remember, he scarcely paid her any attention at all, though it is most important that he should marry her, as she inherits the greater part of the Majoribanks estate from her father, who made money in the City, and bought our land from the mortgagee."

"Miss Mary Beauchamp seems much interested in this farce," Dr. Temple ventured to remark.

"Yes, but I fear it is only because she wants an excuse to break off her engagement with Reginald. It was with great difficulty that her grandmother and I persuaded her to accept my son ; and we had to impress upon her that, according to the terms of her father's will, she would forfeit her inheritance if she married without my consent, and that I should never consent to her marrying any one except Reginald. The girl is a good girl, however, and she has not yet learned the value of money ; but when I told her that it was her poor father's wish that the estates should come together again, she sighed and acquiesced. Still, the fool never paid her any attention ; and first we sent the girl up to town to her aunt, and then sent Reginald abroad, to keep the pair apart until the marriage. But when Reginald arrived this afternoon with his mummy, his two young medical men, and his Sikh fakir, he never said a word, either to his cousin

or to myself, until his mummy had been carefully placed where it now stands ; and I really am afraid he is mad. I am telling you all this because I want you to help me. I know I can trust you."

The doctor squeezed his lordship's hand, as the unhappy father continued :—

"But I see he is about to go on with his nonsense."

"The captain, who is now only hidden from your gaze by a silk screen, was in Mooltan in April, 1848," the Hon. Reginald Majoribanks continued, again reading from his manuscript. "As I dare say you will all remember, Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson were murdered by order of Moolraj, who had usurped the government ; and at the same time Captain Majoribanks disappeared, and was never heard of again, until I found him in that city shut up in the glass case now before you. Our relation was hiding at the house of a Sikh fakir named Goojwallah, when Lieutenant Anderson was put to death ; and in order to save the life of the captain, who had previously saved that of his host, the fakir put his benefactor into a trance and into the glass bottle before you."

At a sign from Reginald Majoribanks, the young fakir drew back the curtain for a moment.

"What a very handsome man !" Mary Beauchamp exclaimed. "It would, indeed, be a pity, if the captain were dead."

"The captain is not dead," the reader continued, when the curtain had again been lowered, "he is only enjoying a long sleep. Thanks to this, he escaped the fate of Lieutenant Anderson ; for when the Sikhs saw our relative in the glass bottle, they deemed it unnecessary to hand him over to the executioner. The fakir, Goojwallah, died during the siege of Mooltan, which was taken by storm in January, 1849 ; and his son inherited Goojwallah's property, which consisted chiefly of the mysteries of the profession and the body of our relation. As the latter was the only real estate he had, he was, perhaps, naturally loth to part with it ; or it may be that Goojwallah II. could find no Parcels Delivery Company ready to forward our sleeping beauty in the bottle, C.O.D. The fakir had no funds with which to defray the expense of carriage ; but he treated our relative most hospitably, sharing the same bedroom and sitting-room with him, in the one-roomed mud

cabin that he occupied. Goojwallah II. was a good man, and died young ; and then our relation was inherited by the fakir before you, Goojwallah III."

The young fakir, at a sign from the speaker, humbly salaamed ; and the audience noticed that, for a native of India, he was strangely fair.

"Hearing of my arrival in Mooltan, Goojwallah III. hastened to offer me the body of our relation, and also the knowledge, which he had inherited from his ancestors, as to how the captain was to be brought to life again. He thought it advisable to have some English doctors present at the revival, as, after a fast of forty-four years' duration, the captain was likely to be rather weak ; and when I told him that the esoteric Buddhists, and other patrons of occult mysteries, were numerous and generous in England, he agreed to accompany me and the captain."

Seeing that the young master was looking in his direction, the fakir again salaamed.

"Almost every person who goes to India sees some fakir put in a death-like trance, which lasts for days or weeks ; and I shall not tell you how it is brought about, because this is one of the mysteries which form a part of the inheritance of our friend, Goojwallah, who has wisely abstained from giving me the information. Let it suffice that the captain was brought to such a state of insensibility, that he was then placed in the large glass bottle before you, that the air was then withdrawn from the receptacle by means of an air pump, and that the cover was then cemented on. You can see for yourselves that no man could breathe for five minutes in the air-tight bottle before you."

Several persons went up to examine the glass receptacle ; and the two young doctors, who had accompanied Reginald Majoribanks from town, made a very careful examination, which Dr. Temple seemed inclined to share ; but his lordship remarked :—

"We had better take no part in this farce. Ah, you see Miss Beauchamp is talking to Reginald. She seems pleased with him, so perhaps he is not quite so mad, after all."

"Woman is an enigma which it is left to one man to solve," Dr. Temple observed.

And his lordship added, "Hum ! To his sorrow."

Then the fakir, with the assistance of the two young medical men, adjusted the air pump, and the work proceeded, whilst Reginald Majoribanks explained that it was necessary to admit the air slowly, until the density of that within the bottle was the same as that of the room. This was effected after some time, during which the fakir was kept very busy; and then, wonder of wonders, the captain was seen to move. Mary Beauchamp uttered a cry of surprise and delight, and directly the stand of the glass receptacle could be removed, the captain was carried up to bed by the two young medical men, whilst Mary Beauchamp herself went to superintend the preparation of the beef-tea which had previously been ordered for the convalescent.

Upstairs, the two young medical men treated their patient just as two of the Royal Humane Society's men would have treated him, if he had been immersed in water for a long period. Artificial respiration was tried, and had proved successful when Lord Majoribanks and Dr. Temple, impelled by curiosity, entered the room; and when the patient had swallowed some beef-tea and brandy, the two young medical men said that their patient would recover, and arranged to watch him in turns all night, or as long as might seem necessary.

Lord Majoribanks' interest in the case seemed now to be suddenly aroused, and

before Dr. Temple took his departure from the Hall he inquired whether his lordship was feeling quite well; but Lord Majoribanks assured the doctor that he had never felt better in his life, though his looks belied his words, and directly he was alone with his son he began to act like a madman.

"Do you know who this captain is, whom you have brought to life again?" he inquired, after a storm of most unparliamentary language.

"He is a grandson of the sixth Lord Majoribanks, who had so many children, is he not?"

"Yes!" his father shouted in reply, "and he was the only child of the sixth lord's second son, Percy, who was thrown and killed in the hunting field within a year of his marriage. The seventh lord was never married, and my father was

the third son of the sixth lord. Do you understand now what you have done?"

Reginald Majoribanks, however, appeared still ignorant of the extent of his enormities, until his father added, "Why, of course, your captain is the heir to the title and the estates."

"England expects every man to do his duty," Reginald replied proudly. "We sent an expedition to avenge the deaths of Vans Agnew and Anderson, and the Punjaub was subsequently annexed to the British Empire; but I have done more



LORD MAJORIBANKS HAD BEEN SITTING SOMEWHAT APART FROM HIS GUESTS.

than the expedition, for I have restored one of the victims of Moolraj to life."

"And ruined your poor father, Reggie. I have had a hard struggle, my boy; but now I shall have to give in and depend upon what you and your wife can allow me. I never ran into debt, Reggie, but I drifted into it. I

have always met my bills, when I have been forced to; but it has always been a struggle to make both ends meet, especially with the mortgages on my life interest. Those will be null and void now, and I suppose the mortgagees will make me a bankrupt; and I shall have to depend upon you, unless the captain behaves generously, in consequence of our restoring him to life, and makes me an allowance."

His lordship's anger had now altogether disappeared, and he was quite low-spirited and humble. He moaned

and whined a good deal whilst his son was acting as an amateur *valet de chambre*, and we are afraid that his lordship did not pray for his relative's complete restoration to health and strength; but the young man was not troubled by any pangs of conscience, and soon after he had wished his father good night, he was sound asleep.

The next morning, Reginald was up early; but when he knocked at the invalid's door, the captain had already left his room, and the two young medical men had caught an early train to town.

"Good morning," the captain said, bowing with all the grace of a by-gone day, as Reginald, who had seen his relative from the window, strolled up with his hands in his pockets.

"Good morning," Reginald replied curtly, as if he wished to imply that the words were merely formal and the wish insincere.

"The place seems to be a good deal altered since I was here last; but my uncle, as usual, has shown good taste."

"Your uncle?" Reginald queried.

"Yes, Lord Majoribanks," the captain answered pleasantly. "But perhaps I may introduce my-

self? You allow me? Thank you. I am Captain Percival Majoribanks, 4th Light Cavalry, in the service of the Honourable East India Company."

"And I am Reginald, only son of Lord Majoribanks."

"You will excuse me," the captain began, bowing politely, though there was a look of astonishment upon his face,



"MARY BEAUCHAMP APPEARED IN THE DISTANCE."

"but when I left here about a year ago, his lordship had no son."

"And I am more than seven, eh?" Reginald replied.

"Ah! excuse me," the captain said, as Mary Beauchamp appeared in the distance; and with another bow he turned away, and hastened to meet her.

The captain bowed to Mary Beauchamp in the stately manner of our grandfathers; and, whilst her cousin giggled and grinned, Mary coquettishly gave the captain, in return for his bow, a courtesy such as she had seen on the stage during her short visit to her aunt in town, a little while before Reginald set out on his travels. Then the gallant raised the lady's hand, and impressed a kiss upon it; and he looked, Reginald seemed to think, a little too enviously at Mary's pouting lips.

"My darling," the captain began, "how glad I am to have escaped from India's sultry sun to bask in the purer rays of your bright eyes."

"You will be good enough to remember that this young lady is engaged to me, captain, and that I am your benefactor," Reginald observed in a tone of vexation.

"My good young man," said the captain, "would you kindly abstain from joking on a subject so near to my heart?" And without waiting for a reply, he inclined his head slightly in the direction of Reginald, offered his arm to Mary Beauchamp, which was taken without hesitation, and led her away from the young fellow, who was left in no doubt as to the fact, that two was company and three none.

"Is the young man quite irresponsible for his words and actions?" the captain enquired, when they were out of hearing.

Mary Beauchamp evaded the question, but not the kiss with which her gallant companion followed it up.

Seeing this,

Reginald hastened up to his father's room; and when admitted by his lordship, he said at once that the captain evidently intended to rob him of his sweetheart as well as of his reversion to the title and estates.

Lord Majoribanks replied in language which was more forcible than refined: he wished the captain at a place, the elevation of which is much less than that of St. Paul's; and having from a window witnessed the billing and cooing that was going on below, he called his son a donkey, and told the ass to go and disturb the lovers with his braying.

Reginald hastened to do as he was told, and as he was approaching the young couple, he heard the captain pressing Mary to name the day, and vowing that he had loved and been true to her ever since he first beheld her lovely face.

"You two don't feel hungry I suppose, as you have already broken your fast with fond lovers' fare," Reginald remarked, when he stood by Mary's side.

"Well, I hope you will excuse me, my darling, but I must plead guilty to anything but a lover's appetite," the captain answered.

"No wonder," Reginald replied, "seeing that you have had nothing more substantial than beef-tea and kisses for forty-four years."

"You should wear motley, sir, if you expect the license of a fool," the captain replied rather sternly.

"Don't be hard upon him, Percival, for there is some truth in what he says," Mary Beauchamp urged.

"What!" exclaimed the captain, in sorrow not in anger. "Then that horrible dream I have had—but no, it cannot be true; you are not changed, or only for the better. You are scarcely a day older; though how I returned from Mooltan, I should be at a



"OH! IT'S GRANDMAMA, NOT AUNTIE."



"THE PAPER AFFORDED THE CAPTAIN A CLUE."

loss to explain. Am I home on sick-leave, have I been ill?" he enquired.

Don't trouble now," she said, though her beaming eyes were far more eloquent than her tongue, "you are at last restored to health and to your family."

Then she led him indoors to the breakfast room, where Lord Majoribanks was awaiting their arrival.

His lordship shook hands with the captain, and said, "I am glad to see you have recovered from your indisposition. You must be hungry after your long fast, so let us begin breakfast at once. You will stay, Mary?"

"Yes, uncle, thank you," the girl replied, as by a graceful motion of her hand she made the captain understand where she wished that they should sit. He placed her chair for her, and sat next to her; and though his hunger was very great, he devoted a considerable part of the time, whilst they sat at the table, to holding her hand under the cloth.

Lord Majoribanks kept up a conversation on the subject of ingratitude, illustrating his subject with many bright and sparkling anecdotes; and his lordship's hopes rose a little, when the captain declared that he considered ingratitude one of the blackest of sins.

"Why, even the Sikhs, deceitful and treacherous though they are, honour those who have served them well," the captain observed, directly there was another pause in his host's harangue. "When the rebellion was successful in Mooltan, a poor beggar of a fakir, whose life I had saved, risked his own to preserve mine. Though the followers of Moolraj howled as he took me to his humble home, and threatened to kill us both, he refused to save his life by giving me up to destruction. Whilst the mob was clamouring for my blood, he——"

The captain broke off abruptly. Either his memory failed him, or he did not dare to continue; and as they all rose from the table, his lordship re-

marked, "It is indeed agreeable to hear of gratitude in humble life."

"I must return home," Mary Beauchamp said at once, with a little glance at the captain which may possibly have meant, "But I am loth to bid you good-bye."

"Ah! Then I am sure you will excuse me, uncle," the captain remarked, "It was arranged, you know, that a day should be fixed as soon as possible after my return; and I hope to have some good news for you shortly."

Lord Majoribanks gave way to despair, whilst the young couple were on their way to "The Beeches;" but Percival and Mary found their walk neither long nor tedious, though the maiden was coy and her companion laboured under the delusion that she was engaged to him.

When they had nearly reached their destination, Mary remarked,—

"You must remember that the lady you will see wishes me to marry my cousin."

"Not more than I, your cousin, wish you to marry me," he answered quickly.

"Ah! there she is at the window."

"Time seems to have altered my uncle very considerably, and to have endowed your aunt rather plentifully with the beauty of age during my short absence," he began.

"Oh! it's grandmamma, not auntie. My aunt lives in town; but I never knew her until last season, when grandmamma, who had not seen her for years, let me go and stay with her for a time."

He looked astonished, but remained silent as they entered; and when he bowed to the old lady, he seemed to be trying to remember when he had seen her before.

"Mary told me about you last night, and I have been anxiously waiting for your arrival. Pray be seated. Shall the child run away?" the old lady began.

He looked around; then, seeing that Mary was meant, he answered:—

"No, let her stop. I came to ask you to consent to our early marriage."

"What! exclaimed the old lady. "Then you are not angry with me. You love me still. I thought you were dead, and so I married; but I never loved

anyone as I loved you, and you have come back to claim my hand, just as you would have forty-four years ago, if it had not been for the Sikh rebellion. O, my darling!"

She threw her arms around his neck, and clung to him as the aged ivy clings to the oak.

A storm was brewing. There was a torrent of kisses, supplied by grandmamma; thunder, by the captain; and lightning by Mary, who spoke of the forty-four years, and separated Venus and Mars.

"I think, madam," said the captain, bowing politely, "that somebody here

must be labouring under a delusion. What are these forty-four years that I seem to have missed, and of which everyone is talking?"

"I am sure I never referred to them," whimpered grandmamma. "They have made no difference to me; my heart is still young."

The captain was at a loss for an answer; he gave both the grandmother and the granddaughter looks of entreaty; and the latter came to his assistance. She handed him the daily paper, and drew his attention to the date.

The paper afforded the captain a clue. He took some time to follow it up, and then he said, "The Sikh fakir and the bottle are not the mere delusions of a dream."

"Percival, do not trouble yourself about that," grandmamma began. "We have waited for you, we have



"THE BRIDE WAS THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION."

missed you, and now——"

The captain would not let her go any further. He was a gentleman, and found it hard to refuse a lady; but he was not a hero, nor capable of such devotion as was expected.

"And now," he continued, "I understand everything. You married in order that Mary here might be your proxy at our meeting. Fate robbed me of you, but it is to you I am indebted to the fact that another Mary, the image of the one I left, is here to welcome me back, and to reward me for my fidelity with her hand. It is so, is it not, my darling?"

"Y-e-s, if grandmamma consents," the girl bashfully replied.

The old lady looked at her reflection in the glass and then at a portrait, apparently of her granddaughter, but really of herself, and then murmured, "I give my consent, but you will have also to obtain that of Lord Majoribanks."

"Ah! that will not be difficult," the captain answered. "I understand now why the oration on gratitude was delivered in the breakfast-room this morning, instead of being reserved for the House of Lords. I do not want to rob his lordship of his title, or Reginald of his expectations. I only want you, my darling, and I think I can obtain his lordship's consent."

The captain was right in his conjecture, for a few weeks later there was a wedding in the parish church, and his lordship gave away the bride.

After the ceremony, whilst the bride was the centre of attraction at Majoribanks Hall, a lady took the bridegroom aside, and said:—

"Percival, why ever did you not take your mother into your confidence? I saw how matters were drifting when Mary came to stay with me, and let them take their course, because I knew what the end would be. But who thought of the plot?"

"Oh! Reginald and his wife—that is to say, the fakir—you must not say anything. He married a young actress, very good and charming, and a lady. It was she who insisted that we should keep up the plot, even when we were alone, in order to be better able to deceive others. You look after them, mother dear, and obtain the paternal blessing for them. Oh! you can do something more. Lord Majoribanks has obtained the post of consul-general at Warsaw for me, to get me out of the way; and the post would be the very thing for Reginald. I intend to rejoin my regiment when my leave expires, and if you are only as clever as you usually are, mother dear, I am sure everyone will be glad that we procured the return of the heir."



"LOVE'S TRUE HERALDRY."

A PILGRIMAGE TO PURI



LEARY—the Eurasian telegraph-master, who figured so ignominiously in the Midapore man-eater adventure, you remember—had dropped in that evening; and, as we sat sucking our saltpetry Dindiguls, the conversation somehow turned on South Indian temples and the difficulty of gaining access to them.

“Tain’t so up Calcutta side, mind you,” observed O’Leary.

“See through any temple you like there on the strength of a rupee. But this side—Lor! it’s as much as your life’s worth to poke your nose into the houter court.”

“Stuff!” retorted Pickles, who never could agree with an East Indian. “Bet you any money there’s not a temple in the district I can’t make my way into in perfect safety. Come now!” and with that he slapped a fifty-rupee note down on the table.

O’Leary promptly covered the note with another. “You’re going Puri side on inspection duty next week?” he asked.

Pickles nodded.

“Then it’s even money that you don’t henter the temple of Juggernaut—right into the ’oly of ’olies, mind you—and get a sight of the himage.”

“Done!” cried Pickles, passing me the stakes.

And that was how we came to undertake our pilgrimage to Puri.

Puri lay sixty miles up the coast, which meant a three nights’ cart journey. I tried hard to induce Pickles to go by palanquin, but he would not hear of it. “Pucka pilgrims never travelled that way,” he said. So the carts were called, and our troubles began.

The carts were not wanted until the Monday night. Consequently they came rumbling into the compound on Saturday afternoon. Sunday was profitably spent by the cartmen in wheedling “advance” money out of Pickles. On the Monday morning, they built big fires over against the bungalow, where the wind blew the smoke directly indoors, and sat down to cook their rice. At four o’clock they began to eat. At six o’clock, the hour fixed for the start, they announced that the bullocks wanted shoeing. At ten o’clock precisely they yoked up.

Pickles was raving. Prior to the start, he thus admonished them. “See here, you fellows; you know the little rest-house beside the Red Nullah, twenty miles out? Well, I’m going to breakfast there at daybreak. If you go to sleep, or let the bullocks dawdle on the road, I’ll fine every widow’s son of you!”

Sleep? Those cartmen repelled the insinuation with scorn. Did the Sahib suppose that vile black men would so far forget themselves as to close their eyes while the heaven-born Maharajahs reposed in their carts? No, no; if they slept a wink that night the Sahib might keep back every anna of their pay. As for the

bullocks dawdling—why, they were the fastest bullocks on the road.

With these auspicious assurances ringing in our ears, we crawled into our respective carts, and were whirled away into the night at the rate of two miles an hour.

Overhead, through the worm-eaten bamboo matting, and between the showers of dust precipitated upon my face by every jolt of the cart, I could see the beautiful stars twinkle. At my back, on the tongue of the cart, and separated from me by a thin partition of matting, sat the cartman, clucking cheerily to his bullocks or twisting their tails with spasmodic yells.

I awoke suddenly from a delicious doze. The motion of the cart had almost ceased. A sound of subdued snoring mingled with the long-drawn shriek of the greaseless wheels. In the matting between my couch and the cartman's there was a convenient hole. Cautiously my hand crept through the aperture until it touched a greasy top-knot.

"Now will you keep awake, eh?"

"Awake, babu? I haven't slept a wink to-night!" the cartman protests, as he rubs his tingling cranium with one hand and sets the bullocks in motion with the other.

Again I sink into total forgetfulness of

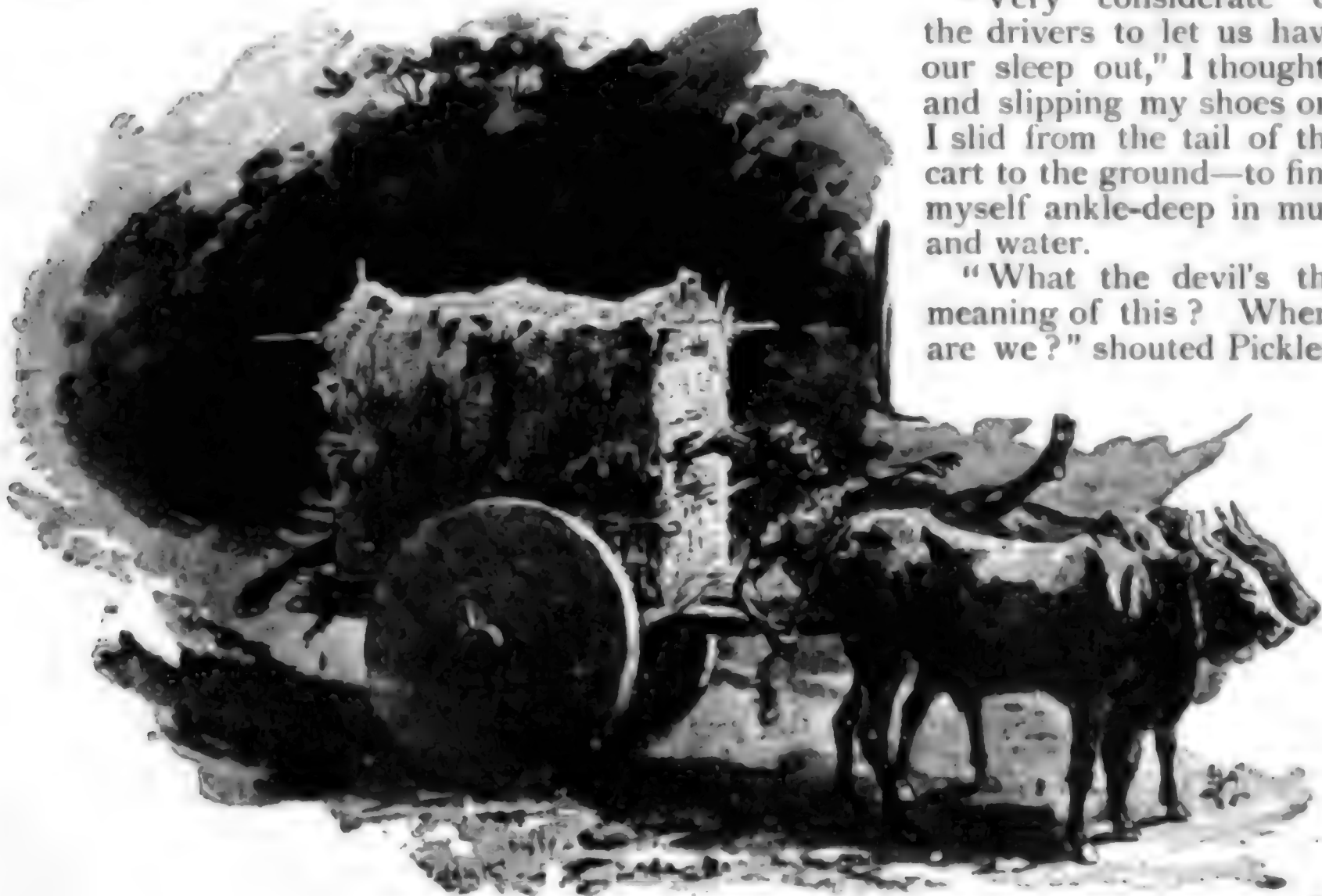
my surroundings—only to wake with a violent start and a strange sense of apprehension. I have been dreaming of tigers, and cannot shake off the impression that wild beasts are all about me. The cart is standing stock-still, and—surely that sound is a growl! On hands and knees I creep noiselessly to the cart tail and peer out into the night. Pickles's cart is nowhere to be seen. Dim forms slink in the darkness of the roadway. They are all around and underneath the cart. Not tigers—too small for that. "Hyenas!" I say to myself, and wonder with a thrill of horror whether it is over the unlucky cartman the beasts are fighting under the wheels. I call the cartman tremulously, and am relieved to hear a faint, sleepy "Babu!" proceed from the cart front.

But these snarling beasts in the road—what are they? Pariah dogs! There is a village near, it turns out, and the smell of the strong salted fish which the cartman carries in his cooking-pot beneath the cart has attracted them to the spot.

The dogs driven off, we once more take the road to Puri and the land of Nod. Hours afterwards the sound of Pickles's voice raised in angry remonstrance aroused me to the fact that it was broad daylight. As the carts were motionless, I concluded we had reached the rest-house.

"Very considerate of the drivers to let us have our sleep out," I thought; and slipping my shoes on, I slid from the tail of the cart to the ground—to find myself ankle-deep in mud and water.

"What the devil's the meaning of this? Where are we?" shouted Pickles,



THERE WAS A CONVENIENT HOLE IN THE MATTING.

as he splashed alongside, and dragged my sleeping cartman off his perch.

The fellow slowly picked himself up—took a long look at the broad reach of green paddy-fields in the midst of which the bullocks were grazing—at the distant line of dusty road, and the still more distant belt of palms which marked the end of our night's journey, and quietly observed:—

"We'd have been there long ago, babu, only for these sleepy bullocks."

It was past eight o'clock when we reached the rest-house, where we found Ramaswami, who had got in a good hour ahead of us, engaged in active preparations for breakfast. Pickles at once despatched one of the cartmen to the adjacent village in quest of milk. Just as Ramaswami brought in the curry (twenty minutes after the fowl was killed), he returned with a long face and a longer yarn, but no milk. There was only one cow in the village, he declared, and the owner refused to milk her for love or money.

"We'll see about that," said Pickles; and snatching up his helmet, he ordered the cartman to lead the way to the house of the obstinate cow-wallah.

We found him squatted before the door of his hut, cleaning his teeth with a bit of chewed stick. He was a venerable-looking old heathen, with a patriarchal beard and a singularly guileless face.

"Milk?" said Pickles, holding out a half-rupee. The patriarch salaamed, took the coin and the brazen *chembu* which the cartman had brought, and disappeared within the hut.

He was a long time gone. "Cow won't let down her milk, perhaps," suggested Pickles; "let's look in and see what's up."

We looked in, but the ancient one was nowhere to be seen. Passing through a second door, however, we discovered him

in a sort of back yard, squatted under the flank of a lean, mouse-coloured she-buffalo, and doing his level best to coax a trickle of milk into the gaping *chembu*.

"Gad!" cried Pickles, wrathfully, "we've been imposed upon—it's not a cow, after all!"

"Look out!" I replied, quickly; "these buffaloes go mad if they scent a European."

The words were barely out of my mouth when the buffalo kicked the old Hindu over, and charged down upon us full pelt.

We lost no time in getting into the street. Neither did the buffalo. Once in the open, the infuriated brute gave chase in earnest. It was all she had to give. As luck would have it, my foot slipped, and before I could recover my balance, I was caught up on the buffalo's broad horns, and tossed bodily into a pool of stagnant water.

We took our coffee without milk that morning—and the mourning lasted until the evening of the first day.

The second night passed without incident. Not so the day. Sunrise discovered our very ancient carts winding tediously along the shore of the Chilka Lake, within a short mile of the rest-house.

As this beautiful sheet of water communicates with the open sea and has an ideal beach, Pickles proposed a bath. The carts accordingly were sent on ahead, and in we plunged, leaving our clothes upon the narrow strip of dry sand which formed the beach.

The dip of this beach was so gradual that we were forced to wade out fifty yards or so in order to reach swimming depth. Just as the water touched our armpits, Pickles glanced over his shoulder and raised a sudden outcry.

"By Jove! there's one of those filthy village swine rooting among our things;" and he fell to shouting and splashing,



OUR BREAKFAST.

in the hope of frightening the brute off.

But it was no good. With the perversity characteristic of its kind the pig refused to budge; and we, knowing only too well the omniverous habit of the animal, struck out for the shore without further parley. The pig waited until we were within a few yards of it, then trotted slowly off up the beach, dragging one of our garments after it.

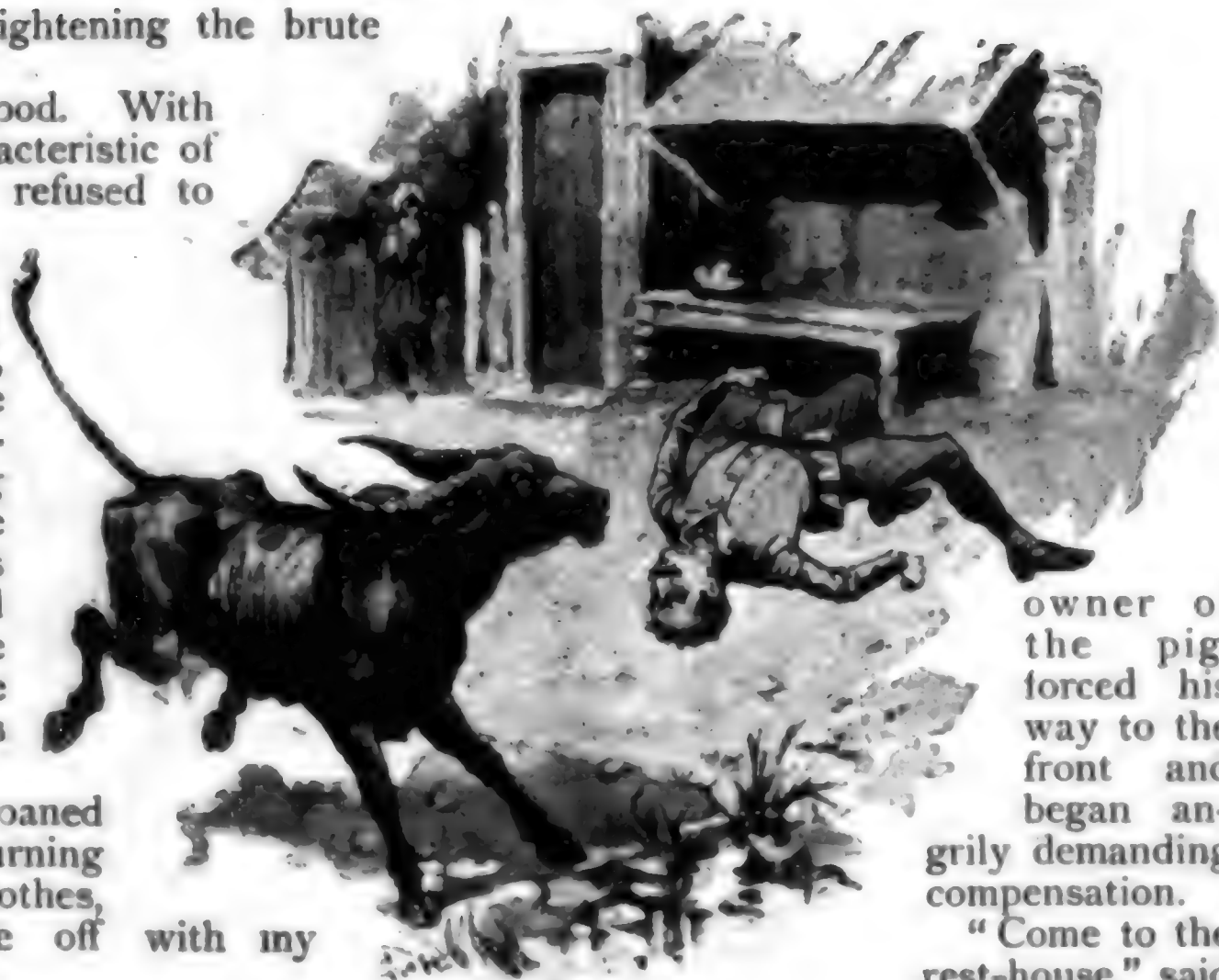
"Oh, Lord!" groaned Pickles, rapidly turning over the heap of clothes, "the brute's made off with my trousers!"

"Got the suspenders round his neck very likely," said I. "Hullo!" ruefully contemplating a tattered fragment of check flannel, "blest if he hasn't eaten my shirt!"

Hastily throwing on the rest of our things, we gave chase. The shirt was gone irrevocably, but Pickles's unmentionables might still be saved. Up the sands we pelted, gaining on the pig at every stride. Suddenly, rounding a jungly bend in the line of beach, we saw a village just ahead of us. We were now close upon the pig's heels.

"We can't go into the village in this plight," panted Pickles; "but my trousers I must and will have. Hold on, I'll fix him!" and whipping out his revolver, which he always carried in the breast pocket of his coat, he fired two shots in rapid succession at the scurrying pig. The animal keeled over, and in another moment Pickles had repossessed himself of his stolen trousers.

Scarcely had he stepped into them, however, when a new and more serious complication arose. The villagers, alarmed by the unusual sound of fire-arms, came flocking down to the beach in hundreds, and, seeing the defunct porker weltering in its blood, and rightly judging that we were responsible for its untimely end, they surrounded us with loud cries and threatening gestures. Presently a big, black fellow, whom we took to be the



owner of the pig, forced his way to the front and began angrily demanding compensation.

"Come to the rest-house," said Pickles, diplomatically,

A BUFFALO HUNT.

as he walked off, followed by the clamouring crowd. On reaching the rest-house he threw the aggrieved native a rupee—which was certainly more than he deserved, considering that the pig had not only been the aggressor but had eaten my shirt into the bargain. The native somehow thought otherwise, and it was not until late in the day that we saw, as we thought, the last of him.

We journeyed all that night, and the following day slept at a quiet rest-house on the outskirts of the famous town of Puri.

Away to the right we could see the grey walls and terraced roofs of the numerous temples erected in honour of Juggernaut. Into the chief of these, the abode of the god himself, Pickles had conceived the daring idea of penetrating. Daring, but foolhardy—to that fact there was no shutting one's eyes; for it was now the pilgrimage season, and the town and temple precincts were packed with tens of thousands of fanatical Hindu devotees, ready, if necessary, to defend the sanctity of the holy place with their lives.

Pickles would listen neither to dissuasion nor remonstrance. The only thing that shook his resolution, was a declaration of my resolve to bear him company in his foolhardy venture. Even then he wavered for but a moment—the next, he began enthusiastically to unfold his plans.

He proposed to stain his florid face, don native dress, and make his way into the temple in the guise of an ordinary pilgrim. If I liked the plan—which he believed to be absolutely safe—I might come with him; if I didn't, I might stay behind. I chose the former course.

For many reasons it was considered expedient to effect our entrance by night. With the last flush of sunset, accordingly, we sallied forth, transformed into what Ramaswami called "proper black-men;" and under guidance of the old butler, who was no stranger to the place, we turned our steps in the direction of the temples.

So long as we were in the streets there was little fear of detection by the jostling, chattering, good-natured crowd; but when we joined the human stream that poured unceasingly into the great flambeau-lit court immediately fronting the shrine of Juggernaut, I must confess that my heart beat with a tenser pulsation than I had ever known before. For here, an incautious word, a motion even, might cost us our lives.

On we swept amid the surging stream, until the denser portion of the crowd, that immediately within the gates, was left behind, and we stood on the thin edge of the multitude directly in front of the principal shrine. And now the crucial moment approached.

A flight of steps, lined on either hand with white-robed priests,

led up to the entrance of this inner temple. These we must ascend and descend before our task should be complete. The presence of other pilgrims diminished the danger somewhat, and with resolute steps, but bated breath, we began the ascent.

Halfway up, Pickles suddenly gripped my arm, and by an almost imperceptible movement of his disengaged hand directed my attention to a stalwart native who, a few yards ahead, stood whispering excitedly in the ear of one of the priests.

"My God!" I exclaimed, startled into forgetfulness of our surroundings; "it is the owner of the pig you shot yesterday, and he recognises——"

Pickles clapped his hand over my mouth.

"Back! back for your life," he whispered hoarsely; "the game is up."

Rapidly as the words were uttered, they had scarcely reached my ears before there arose from the vast concourse of natives gathered in the court below, a roar so mighty in its intensity, that it seemed to shake the very building to its foundations. How the alarm was given, or how many thousands of tongues united to swell that awesome death-knell, I do not know; I know only that ere it died away Pickles and I had made a wild dash for liberty and



THE OWNER OF THE P.C.

The bystanders, few just here, were as yet too bewildered to interfere with our movements. At this juncture, too, Pickles was inspired by one of those splendid ideas which occurred to him only at rare intervals.

A few yards ahead of us, and within perhaps a couple of rods of the side exit for which we were making, stood two sacred bulls, such as are accustomed to frequent the temples, quietly feeding off a great heap of grain which the contributions of innumerable pilgrims had raised upon the stone floor of the court.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Pickles; "we're all right now, old fellow. Do you mount the dun-coloured one, and I'll take the black. Charge straight for the door yonder!"

A run, a leap, and we were astride of the bulls, which, terrified beyond measure by the sudden imposition of so unusual a burden, instinctively headed for the open air, charging the crowd who stood about the side exit at a mad gallop.

A few minutes later the bulls, careering across a piece of waste land which adjoined the temple enclosure, stopped short

life, and gained the comparatively clear space at the foot of the steps.

The rapidity of our movements, and the consequent confusion among the pilgrims on the steps, disconcerted those who were attempting to follow us, while our disguise produced for the moment a like effect upon the crowd in front. "This way!" I whispered to my companion, dragging him towards the left. "I saw a side door in this direction as we came in, and the crush is not so great."

THE INNER COURTYARD.

and pitched us head-foremost into a thicket of mock croton, where we lay panting and laughing by turns, until the mob, baffled by our sudden disappearance, had abandoned the chase and retraced their steps to the temple.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

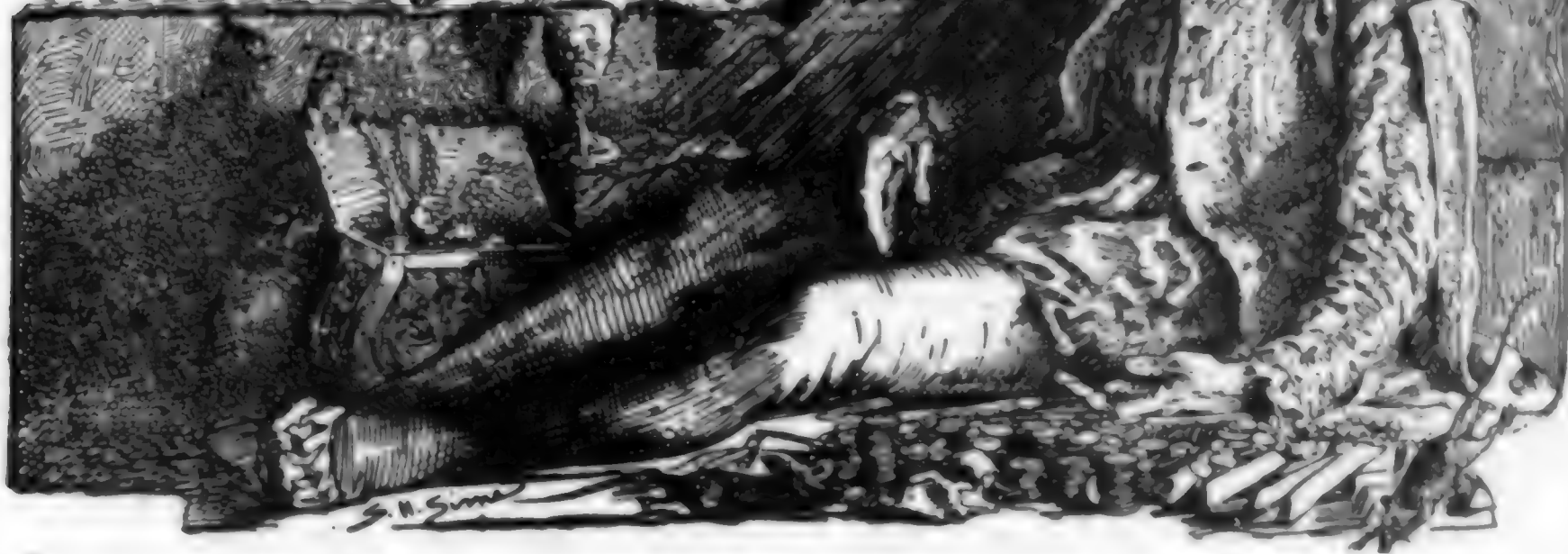


BY GABINNE.

In the dead of night, with hungry eyes,
The miser creeps where his treasure lies
Again and again, each bar of gold
Is counted and weighed, told and re-told.
But from a casket of jewels rare,
He takes a locket entwined with hair;
The fierce look of greed fades from his eyes
As he dreams the past with weary sighs.

Ah, gold cannot give us back again
The dreams of faded years,
Nor check the sigh of lonely pain
That rises with our tears.
Love to man is all in all:
A treasure beyond earth's golden thrall.

The soft hand of sleep, with gentle rein,
Brought all the dead past to life again.
Two beaming eyes of tender love,
Gazed into his from the realms above.
The tears stole down from his weary eyes,
His hands stretched out to the stormy skies
Ah, angel of Love, I come to thee,
Thou art the Bridge of Eternity.





Was it Lizzie?

Florence ^{by} Marryat.

IN a magnificent-ly furnished chamber in London, a man lay dying. He did not know that he was dying. He was a rich man; and

the silver-tongued physicians and trained nurses who were in attendance on him, would not have dreamt of mentioning such a vulgar thing as Death, in his presence, for all the world.

So — though he had been growing feebler every day for weeks past—he did not recognise the meaning of it. Each pain that attacked him was quieted by an anodyne—his failing appetite was tempted by innumerable dainties—his strength maintained by generous liquor—so that his last days were slipping away in a sort of stupor, during which he was too feeble and supine to question what was going to happen to him. As he lay on his pillows now—pillows, whose cases were of the finest cambric and trimmed with the costliest lace—his half-closed eyes looked dreamily at the large fire burning on the hearth, and illuminating every object in the room with its glowing flames. The firelight flickered upon burnished brass and carved wood and silken damask, but the sick man was too used to such things to notice them.

He was alone, and if he thought at all, his mind was dwelling on that fact. It was about eight o'clock in the evening—his doctors had paid their last visit for the day, and his nurses believing him to be asleep, had gone downstairs to take their meals, or retired to an ante-chamber. He had a wife—this rich man—and half-a-

dozen grown up children. But his daughters were married, and his sons were placed out in the world, and his wife was still older than himself, and did not care for the atmosphere of a sick chamber. And the only sensation he experienced as he lay and gazed vacantly around him was—that he was very much alone.

He had been a handsome fellow in his youth—one could see that plainly, though his sparse locks were grey, and his unshaven face yellow and shrunken. Those dull blue eyes had been full of fire and energy thirty years ago, and his finely cut features and bright chestnut hair—a few threads of which still lingered in his beard—must have added greatly to the charm.

But he had lived fifty-five years in this world—years, not entirely of satisfaction, notwithstanding all his money; and vanity of his personal attractions had died out of him long ago, and he was musing only on the past and himself, and the strange and circuitous path by which he had reached his present position. As he pondered thus in his weak, misty brain, his eyes moved slowly towards the foot of the bed, and rested on a female figure which was standing there. She was not a remarkable looking woman in any way, but it seemed rather strange to him that she should be standing there. She was of middle height, very slightly built, indeed almost attenuated in form, and dressed in shabby black. Her face, once doubtless pretty, was thin and pale. Her cheek-bones stood out painfully beneath her large, dark eyes, which were gazing earnestly at him. Her head was uncovered, and her dark hair was scanty and streaked with grey. She looked like a needle-woman, or some lower servant of the house, who had crept in uninvited to steal a look at the dying master.

Godfrey Mallison returned her gaze

without the slightest emotion. He was too far gone to be agitated by any circumstance, however unaccountable. Only he thought it strange she should be there, and wondered feebly who she could be, and closed his eyes when he was tired of looking at her, and let his thoughts wander back again into the past. How vividly they took him there, although he had no power to fix them on the present. In a moment he

appeared to be a boy again. He could feel the youth and strength renewed within him. Each muscle bent and sprung again to his rapid movements. Nothing inconvenienced or annoyed him. He cared not either for frost or snow, rain or hail. He could eat anything—drink anything—and do anything. He was so strong, and well, and happy. And yet only a clerk in the office of a tea merchant, and the occupant of a combined bed and sitting room under the shadow of St. Paul's. But then he had his Sundays, and an occasional hour in the long summer evenings, and Lizzie Waters to share them with him.

Oh! sweet Lizzie Waters. Was any blossom from the country ever fresher than her flower face, with its dark, glowing, child-like eyes, set in a rose-leaf complexion, and surrounded by a coronal of sunny hair. Mallison could see her now, as she hung delightedly upon his arm, as they went in search of a penny steam-boat to take them down the river and give them a breath of fresh air, after a stifling day spent in the City. Lizzie was only a work-girl from one of the big shops on Ludgate Hill, but she was as sweet and dainty as a lady, and she was all the world

to Godfrey Mallison. He worked as hard as he could for her sake, for she was to become his wife as soon as he was promoted to a hundred a year—(that was a settled thing between them)—and the boy used to lie awake at night and dream happy, waking dreams of the time when they should be always together, and he should have no need to wait at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, till Lizzie came blushing and smiling from her work-room

to meet him. He was a clever and pushing young fellow, and worked so hard, indeed, that his employer predicted a rapid rise for him. It came sooner than anyone expected. One day Mr. Hungerford sent for Godfrey Mallison into his private office, and told him to prepare for a surprise.

"My Ceylon tea-taster, Mr. Price, has unfortunately been carried off by cholera. I received the sad news this morning, and it is imperative I should fill his place at once. Can you be ready to go out by the next steamer?"

"To Ceylon, sir!" exclaimed the excited Godfrey.

"Yes, to Ceylon; to be under the directions of my agent there. You have proved yourself to be such an intelligent 'taster,' during the

last six months, that I feel justified in offering you the situation. But you must understand that it is only on trial. If you do not fulfil my anticipations, I shall have you home again to the office."

"I *will* fulfil them, sir, indeed I will," cried the young man fervently.

"You will, if you can keep from the curse of the country, drink. If you once take to that, you will destroy your taste. Don't forget it."



BREAKING THE NEWS.

"I will take the pledge, sir, if you like, before I go."

"No! I will trust you. I think you are too sensible to let self-indulgence interfere with your advancement in life."

He was indeed. He was very ambitious, this Godfrey Mallison—ambitious to get on—to amass wealth—to make a home and a provision worthy of Lizzie Waters. He rushed into her presence, brimful of his grand news, and was surprised to find she received it with a burst of tears.

"O! Godfrey, Godfrey, my darling! Ceylon is thousands of miles away. I shall never, *never* see you again."

"Nonsense, dear Lizzie. Why! I may be home in six months. It is only a trial, remember. But, if I satisfy Mr. Hungerford, think what it means for you and me."

"I cannot think of anything, except that you are going to leave me, and that it must be months before we meet again. O! Godfrey, take me with you," sobbed the girl, "I shall die if you leave me here alone."

The young man became as grave as a judge at once.

"My darling Lizzie," he said, taking her in his arms, "you must be more sensible than this. You know how much I should like to take you with me (wouldn't I marry you this very moment if it were possible?) but it is folly even to think of it. Mr. Hungerford pays all my expenses to Ceylon, of course, and for my necessary outfit; but my salary will not be increased until I have proved myself capable of holding the appointment. I am only twenty-two, Lizzie, and you are eighteen, and I couldn't support you on my present salary; so it would be madness to think of marriage till I am certain of an increase. If I

don't fail (and I *won't* fail, darling, for your sake), I shall ask you to come out to Ceylon in a year's time and be my wife."

"I shall die of grief before a year," said the foolish child.

"No! No! Lizzie, it will soon pass, and you will be brave for my sake. And I will write to you by every mail and tell you what you will require for your outfit, and you will be working at it every spare moment, and that alone will keep your spirits up."

"But you will meet so many ladies there. You may see someone you will like better than me," remonstrated Lizzie, piteously."

"*See someone I like better,*" repeated her lover reproachfully, "see a sweeter face than my Lizzie's, or find a heart to love me more. O! fie! I shall think you judge me by yourself! Why, I am *yours*, darling—as truly your husband as if we had been to church together, and, see! I have brought you a wedding ring that you may never forget it."

And as he spoke, he slipped a broad gold ring, with "Mizpah" engraved on it, on the fourth finger of Lizzie's left hand.

"O! isn't it unlucky?" exclaimed the girl, shrinking a little from seeing her finger so unusually adorned.

"Unlucky, you little goose! Not unless it is unlucky to be engaged to such a good-for-nothing as I am. Now! kiss me for it, little wife, and remember, you are as much Mrs. Mallison as if the parson had pronounced you so; and I should as soon dream of marrying another woman, as I should of committing bigamy."

So they parted, tearful but loving, and for a while poor Lizzie was inconsolable. But she had her work to do, for she was an orphan, and could not indulge long in the



"THEY PARTED, TEARFUL BUT TENDER."

luxury of grief, or she would have had nothing to eat or wear.

And then she soon received the most delightful letters from Godfrey, describing the novel and wonderful scenes by which he was surrounded, and the romance of his new life—not forgetting to tell her what the English ladies wore in Ceylon, and the kind of clothes she would require when she joined him. And thereupon poor little Lizzie began to spend every spare shilling (besides some which she borrowed from a friend who knew of her happy prospects) upon white muslin and cambric, and such gossamer fabrics, as she hoped would make her lovely in the eyes of her Godfrey.

The young man wrote very hopefully, too, of his prospects. His capacity for tea-tasting had perfectly satisfied the Cingalese agent, two or three of his selections having turned out most successful; and Mr. Hungerford had written him word that he might consider himself settled there, and advanced his salary in a flattering degree. By the end of the year Godfrey quite hoped to be able to send home the money for

Lizzie to join him, and then they should part never more, until she had grown sick of him, and wanted to return to England. Lizzie cried when she read this letter, half for joy and half for wounded feeling, that Godfrey could jest at the idea of her ever wanting to leave him again—she, who had suffered such tortures from their separation. There was an order for ten pounds enclosed in the letter, which Godfrey asked her to accept from him, and lay it out upon her wedding dress. How proud Lizzie was to execute that commission! and what a lovely wedding dress she bought and made with her own hands; putting in

each stitch with jealous care. Much too good a dress, she said to herself, for a little work-girl, but nothing could be too good for Godfrey's wife.

Godfrey's wife! The girl said the words softly over to herself, and kissed the broad gold ring several times, as she whispered her lover's name.

But sweet Lizzie Waters was destined never to see Ceylon. The articles of clothing she had prepared for her marriage remained folded in her drawers, until they

became like tinder with decay. The wedding gown was never finished, nor did she ever receive another letter from Godfrey Mallison. She went through all the agonies of suspense, suspicion, doubt, despair, and hopelessness; but she never heard from him again. She wrote a dozen pitiful letters at the very least, imploring him for a line—a word—to say he was still true to her. She crept up to Mr. Hungerford's offices, with pallid face and trembling limbs, to enquire if he still lived, and heard that Mallison was well and prosperous, and sent some flourishing accounts of his success in business. But for

her, it was all silence and uncertainty and miserable doubt. At last, one day a fellow workwoman passed her over a newspaper at luncheon time.

"Isn't that a friend of yours?" she asked, pointing to a paragraph. "Wasn't Mallison the name of the young fellow you kept company with?"

And Lizzie looked and read:

"On the 3rd of March, at Colombo, Ceylon, Godfrey Mallison, Esq., to Caroline, widow of the late Benjamin Runter."

There! Let us pass it over. It was the old story, and no words can do justice to its heartlessness and wrong. Other women besides poor Lizzie Waters have



THE WIDOW WOODED AND WON.

read their life's doom in some such words, and have lived through a bitterness more cruel than the grave.

At first she wouldn't believe it was true; but it *was* true.

Godfrey Mallison, like many another man, had succumbed to the temptation of wealth and position, and an assured competency.

He was young, bright, and intelligent, and he was very good-looking. His fine figure and handsome face had paved a way for him into Ceylon society at once. The ladies had raved about him. Handsome young men, who could talk and laugh and ornament a ball-room, were at a premium there, and the head of the city clerk was soon turned. He accepted the position at first with pleasure, for Lizzie's sake. He thought what an advantage his making a circle of friends would be to the friendless little girl who was to join him, being too ingenuous to perceive that his greatest charm lay in the fact of his being free. He began by telling some of these ladies of his engagement; but he soon learnt that he had better hold his tongue about it. The announcement was not received with interest, and some of his auditors told him he was far too young to marry. Amongst these was Mrs. Runter, who owned one of the finest coffee estates on the island. Her husband had not been dead long, and he had left her sole mistress of all his property. She was a large overblown woman of perhaps thirty, and with more than a suspicion of East Indian blood in her veins. But she was very hospitable and very rich, and had no children to encumber her inheritance. Mrs. Runter was considered to be the best match in Ceylon, and it was not long before she evinced a marked preference for the society of Godfrey Mallison.

At first, the young man's sense of honour was not so deadened, but that he made an effort to resist her advances.

"You flatter me, Caroline," he would say (for they had already reached the point of calling each other by their Christian names). "It would be hard for any man to refuse your kindness—your offers of assistance. But I am engaged, you know! I cannot break my plighted word."

"Engaged! Nonsense! It can only be a boy and girl affair!" Mrs. Runter would reply. "How can you marry a woman without money? You may be engaged for twenty years at this rate. Break

it off! You will marry far better out here——"

"I cannot break it off! The girl is too fond of me. My desertion would kill her."

"Upon my word, you young fellows don't think enough of yourselves. Kill her, indeed! She has most likely got another lover already, just to keep her hand in, till you meet again."

"You don't know her, Mrs. Runter! She is as true as steel. I have been promised to her for two years past."

"Well! you may make up your mind to be engaged to her for a few more years. You can't marry on your salary, Mr. Mallison. You don't know the expenses of housekeeping out here. I suppose I have a lac of rupees for your every one, and I don't find them too much to make life comfortable. And if there was only a man like you, with energy and intelligence, at the head of the estate, it could be made to yield ten times the money. You might leave Mr. Hungerford's service altogether then, and trade on your own account. You would be a made man, Mr. Mallison."

It was not until after many an attack like this, that Godfrey began to consider whether it were not his duty, for his own sake, to do the best he could for himself, and meet the widow's advances half-way. He was very weak—all men are very weak under the cajolements of a woman, and an ill-favoured one close at hand has more influence over them than Venus at a distance—and the allurements of wealth and position and independence were too strong for him. He married Caroline Runter, and ceased to correspond with Lizzie Waters. He could not write and tell her of his defalcation. He was not cur enough for that. And receiving no reproaches from her, to keep his flame alive, he learned after a while not to think of her, or worry himself about her, but flattered his uneasy conscience with the idea that she did not feel it perhaps so much, after all, and that so pretty a girl as Lizzie Waters would never lack admirers.

Yet there were times—but Mallison thrust them angrily aside, and busied himself with his plantations. After his marriage everything seemed to prosper with him. The coffee estates flourished exceedingly under his control. Children were born to him, and if the *ci-devant* Mrs. Runter never gained his unqualified affection, she was at least very proud of her handsome husband, and denied him



"DELIRIOUS," SAID ONE NURSE TO THE OTHER.

nothing that it was in her power to give.

Time rolled on. His sons and daughters grew old enough to require a European education, and Godfrey Mallison counted up his rupees and found he had made a competency, sufficient to allow him to retire from business, and live in affluence for the rest of his life. There was no thought of Lizzie Waters left in his heart then. It had become worldly, and hardened against all tender memories. He looked upon his wife as the woman who had helped him to rise in business; on his children as those who were to enjoy its fruits when he was gone. He brought his family home to England, and settled down in a handsome house in town. Every sort of luxury and comfort surrounded him. He had carriages and horses, menservants and maidservants, and money enough and to spare. His

wife gave fashionable and sought-after entertainments, his daughters married well, his sons went into the army and navy. And yet Godfrey Mallison missed something in his life, though he could not have defined the want. But it was love!

One day he accidentally met an old associate of the by-gone days—a fellow clerk in Mr. Hungerford's office—now the worn-out, bent cashier of a smaller firm.

Mallison did not recognise him at first, but it is always the prosperous who forget.

"Not remember Jem Johnson, Mr. Mallison?" exclaimed the old cashier, "why, you and me, and little Lizzie Waters, have

had many a day at Southend and Rosher-ville together."

"*Lizzie Waters!*" repeated Godfrey Mallison in a startled voice (he had not thought of the name for years). "Ah! yes! By-the-way, did you ever hear what became of Lizzie Waters?"

"O! she died years ago, sir. I married her friend, Rose Mellon, and heard all about it. O! dear yes! Let me see! Twenty years ago at the very least—of consumption, I believe. It mostly carries off those work-girls after a bit, and Lizzie Waters was always delicate——"

"Yes! Yes! I daresay!" replied Godfrey Mallison, and though the news gave him a nasty twinge at the moment of hearing, he forgot it in a very little while, and was almost glad to think there was no fear of his ever meeting his boyish flame again.

And then, when the hard work of his life was over, and he was just beginning to rest and enjoy the fruit of his labours, disease attacked Godfrey Mallison—an insidious disease that kept him ailing, on and off, for years, and had finally stretched him on the sick bed, which he could never leave in this life again.

As his weakened brain reached this point of his narrative, something seemed to pour a sudden vitality into it. Thought and remembrance were unexpectedly resuscitated, and an excitement, which he had not experienced for months past, poured through the veins of Godfrey Mallison.

"Why! *that* was Lizzie Waters," he said to himself, with glowing eyes, "who stood just now at the foot of my bed! I am *sure* of it. She is terribly changed, but I can remember the soft look she used to have in her dark eyes, and the pathetic droop of her little mouth. And yet Lizzie is *dead*! Surely, Jem Johnson told me she was dead! My God! What can it mean?"

He pulled the bell-rope which was placed within his reach, violently, and a professional nurse came hastily in from the antechamber, and was surprised and somewhat alarmed to find her passive patient sitting up in his bed.

"Dear! dear!" she cried, "whatever is the matter? Do lie down, sir. You will do yourself harm."

"Leave me alone," said Mallison, impatiently, "and tell me *who* was that woman who came in here just now?"

"A woman, sir? There has been no woman here!"

"I tell you there *has*! A pale, thin woman, dressed in black, who came and stood at the foot of my bed and looked at me!"

"You have been dreaming," said the nurse, "why, I've never left the antechamber. Nurse Parsons has not come up yet to relieve me."

"Do you take me for a fool," exclaimed the patient, excitedly. "I tell you she *did* come in, and stood and looked at me! It was Lizzie, and yet *how* could it be Lizzie since she is dead? Ah! I know," continued Godfrey Mallison, in a changed voice, "*I know!* I see it all now. *I am dying.*"

He fell back on his pillows, shivering as if with cold, and seemed to shrink in a moment to half his former size. His face became grey as ashes, and his eyes grew glazed and dim. The nurse recognised the symptoms, and rang the bell to summon his family. But the daughters had returned to their respective homes, and the sons were at their clubs, and Mrs. Mallison had retired to her room, and could not dress herself again in a hurry. So only the second hired nurse appeared to keep watch with her companion.

"Don't you see her?" articulated the dying man, in a hoarse voice, as he pointed a shaking finger in the direction of the foot of the bed, "standing there so still and quiet, with the gold ring upon her finger? Oh, Lizzie! forgive me. I was untrue to you and to myself! I sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. But I am sorry! I repent! Say something to show that you forgive me!"

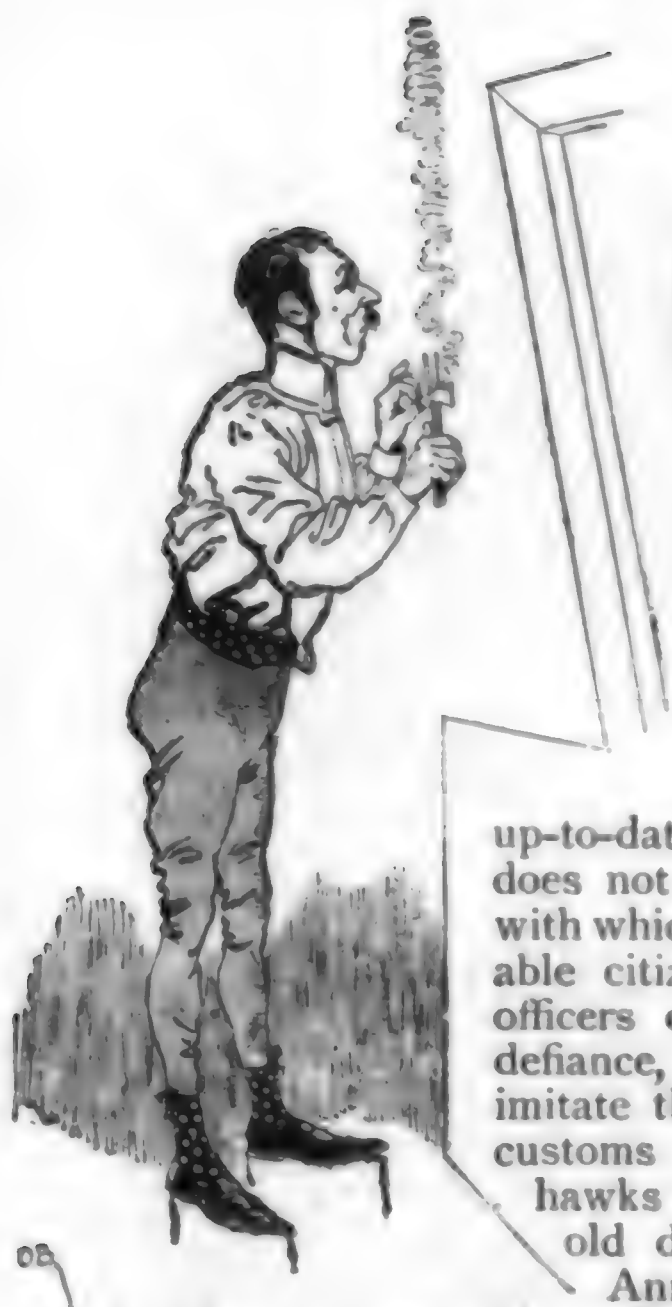
"Delirious," whispered one nurse to the other.

"It is the last effort," was the reply. "He'll be gone before the mistress gets upstairs."

"Lizzie," almost shrieked the dying man, "I loved you. I loved you only. I ruined all my happiness when I gave you up. And I was the cause of all your suffering—perhaps of your death! I confess it! I am sorry! I love you still! Only say that you forgive me! She shakes her head! My God! I have lost her for Time and for Eternity, and I am going out into the dark—alone."

His head fell back with a jerk upon the pillow—his jaw fell—Godfrey Mallison was dead. And so the evil we do in this life will haunt us to the end.

Our Modern Mohawks.



THE *fin de siècle*, or up-to-date young man, does not wear a sword with which to set peaceable citizens and the officers of the law at defiance, or otherwise imitate the costume or customs of the Mohawks of the good old days of Queen Anne; neither is

he given to wrenching off door-knockers or quarrelling with the watchmen, as young men did when the century was in its teens; nor does he now imitate the dress and manners of the great Dance of the music halls, who as *arbiter elegantiarum*, was without a rival in the sixties.

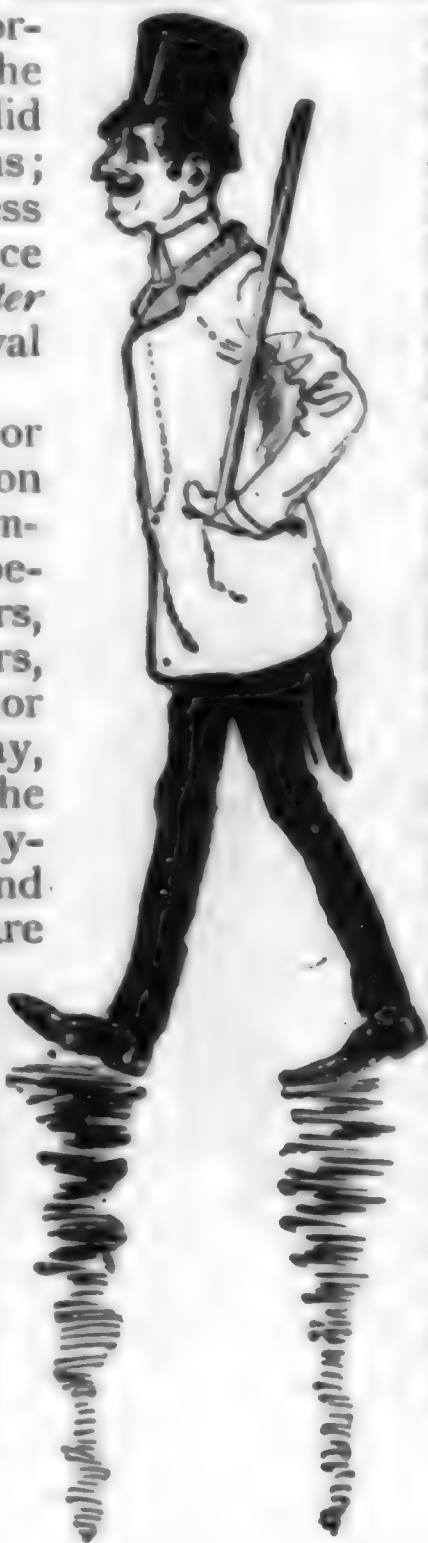
Our Modern Mohawks are, or deem themselves, authorities on *good form*; and they pride themselves on being gentlemen, especially if, during business hours, they are engaged as shop-walkers, clerks, warehousemen, or minor civil servants. During the day, our William the Conqueror of the hearts of ballet girls, may be anything but a brilliant object; and when the shades of night are falling fast, if we penetrate into his *sanctum sanctorum*, we may find him trying his heated curling tongs that are to train up his moustache in the way it should go. Around the room are portraits of actresses who have fascinated him, and whom he wishes his acquaintances to suppose he has fascinated; and on the table you may notice the

last copy of his periodical of periodicals, in which Mr. Dudley Hardy regularly depicts, with much skill and little variation, an airy fairy angler at one end of a rod, and a foo—I should say a Modern Mohawk at the other.

When the up-to-date young man leaves his lodgings, he often takes all his fortune with him. He may have been saving up for a year to buy his dress suit, and for a week to pay the expense of his evening out. If he receives his wages monthly, he acts the giddy butterfly only during the early days of the month; if weekly, he generally

emerges from the chrysalis state on Saturdays. Then he appears in Piccadilly, and, until it is time for him to dine, saunters up and down with his eyeglass and his cane.

This cane of his is not merely a walking-stick; it is rather his emblem, his sceptre, and his talisman. Without this, his dress would be incomplete, and he would be a failure as an up-to-date young man. If you will carefully watch the habits and manners of the strange creature now under the lens, you will see that he never puts his cane to the ground; he will hold it up, keeping it in his



left hand which rests in his pocket, to express that all is well with him; he will rap the end against his rather diminutive legs to show you that he sees the point of your joke, if you are a funny fellow; but more often than not, if you see him seated, he will have the handle in his mouth, and you may infer that he is pensive, and not troubled with any excess of humour, from which, indeed, he but rarely suffers.

Our up-to-date young man generally dines at some restaurant *à la carte*, where he can make the greatest show for his money; and one member of the inner brotherhood always opens his pocket-book, takes out a five-pound-note to make his poorer brethren envious, and then finally puts it back again, finding at the last moment that he has silver enough to pay his score. The waiter quite understands

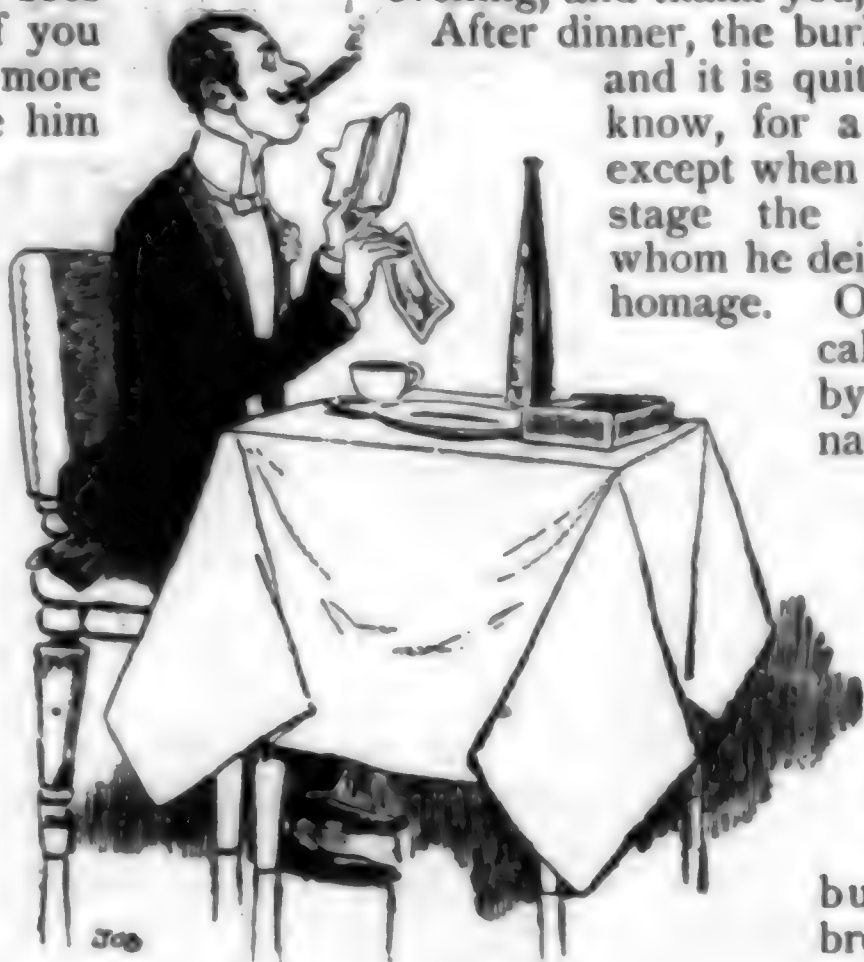
and humours him; and whenever he is specially liberal, the man with the napkin opens the door for him, and says, "Good-evening, and thank you, my lord."

After dinner, the burlesque is *en règle*; and it is quite good form, you know, for a fellow to yawn, except when he sees upon the stage the airy fairy upon whom he deigns to bestow his homage.

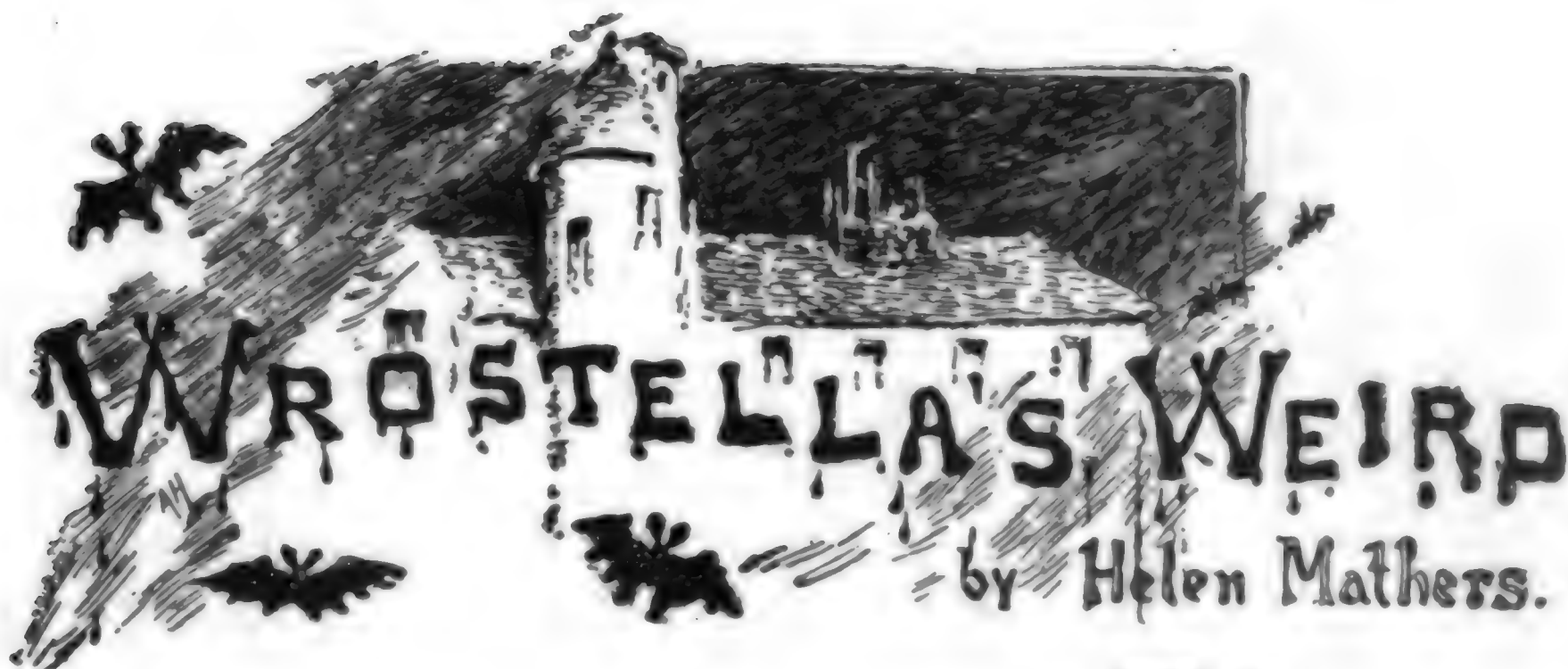
Of course, he can call all the actresses by their christian names, and when wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm, which, though very rare, happens sometimes on a first night, he will shout, "Good old Nellie!"

but he seldom breaks through his triple coating of re-

serve, even when someone, in a better position than himself, asks him, after the theatre, to stroll down with some other fellows to one of the clubs.



"FORWARD! THE NIGHT BRIGADE."



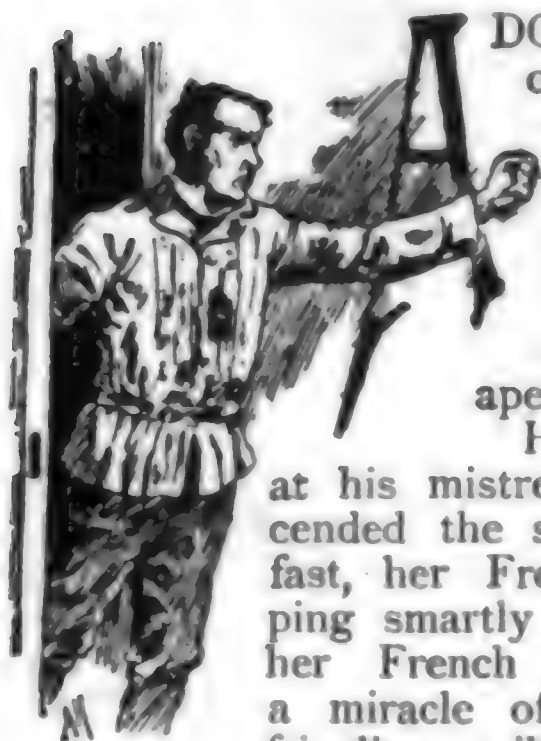
WRÓSTELLA'S WEIRD

by Helen Mathers.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"O, dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
When we sate at the wine;
How we changed the napkins from our necks,
It's no sae lang, suisyne?"



A DOOR at the end of the corridor opened suddenly, and the face of Tim, pale, menacing, and strange, appeared in the aperture.

He was looking at his mistress as she descended the stairs to breakfast, her French heels tapping smartly on the boards; her French morning gown, a miracle of freshness and frivolity, trailing behind her; her little sleek head dressed with consummate skill, and the first roses in her cheeks that her hand had ever planted there.

As if all these outward and visible signs of health and prosperity were not sufficient, she was humming an air—and quite loud enough, too, to display the quality of a most charming voice—which seemed, however, to have no charm for Tim, who shook his fist frowningly at her vanishing back.

Breakfast was laid for two in the dining room, a French *déjeuner à la fourchette*, probably the daintiest, most delicious meal to which a human being can sit down, and when served by a *cordón bleu*, not to be matched by the finest dinner or supper

ever invented by a culinary genius. M. Laurent was already there, and two menservants were busying themselves about the table, and in a quick whisper Noémie said to herself,

"Three."

"You slept well, monsieur?" she said, calmly, when they were seated at table with the delicious fragrance of Alphonse's coffee diffusing itself in the air.

"Oh yes, madam," he replied in French. "And you?"

He was helping himself from a silver dish as he spoke, preoccupied for the moment with the supreme happiness of a *gourmet*, who enjoys at once the pleasures of hope, and the certainty of their immediate gratification.

"Well enough," she replied; then, with the same curiously intent eyes, looked at the serving-men, who blundered about as usual, and remained perfectly vacuous under her scrutiny.

"I must somehow manage to see every man who slept in this house last night," she said to herself, as she pretended to eat; and it did not seem strange to her that yesterday she had been an unthinking child, and to-day she was a resolute woman, who, having committed a crime in a moment of madness, was able to calculate every risk, and hold herself ready to meet all emergencies.

"M. Fitzgerald returns to-day?" said M. Laurent, presently, whose epicurean enjoyment of his breakfast had been touched with but just one note of regret, that the charming figure opposite him was not to make the permanent adornment of his own morning meal through life.



SHE POINTED HER HAND TO HIS BREAST AND SAID, "THAT IS BLOOD."

"M. Fitzgerald is detained," said Noémie gravely; "he is grieved to appear inhospitable towards you."

M. Laurent shot a quick glance at her. She was looking down, playing with a teaspoon; and her young mouth was curved in proud, firm lines. He saw at once the nameless change that had swept over her since yesterday, and his pulses throbbed, for was she not even more lovely and desirable to him now than then?

Never had she seemed so truly adorable to him as this morning, and the *aplomb*, with which all through she had accepted an embarrassing situation, enchanted him still more—not that it embarrassed *him* at all, indeed, it was a perfectly natural thing—and so French—that a married couple should quarrel and part, and accept consolation elsewhere.

Nearly all women made mistakes in their husbands (M. Laurent shrewdly opined that his own wife, when he got her, would make as big a mistake as any), and

they all got over it, and were polite and cold and friendly to each other afterwards, that is to say, if they had any breeding about them.

And there was plenty of breeding, and pluck too, about this young wife who bore her husband's absence with such *nonchalant* grace, but had yet grown so pale under neglect, that pride had called to her aid a little rouge—which vastly became her.

But when their eyes met, he saw how very far from her thoughts he was, nay, to what pin-point insignificance he had dwindled in her mind, and his colour rose as he said,

"I am desolated, madam, to leave you; but I must intrude on your charming hospitality no longer, and will return to Londonderry to-day."

"But why should you go?" she said, the enormous spiritual stride she had made in the past few hours seeming to have altered the very shape of her eyes, and the sound of her voice, so that she

seemed miles away from him, and no longer a woman but a sphinx. Clearly, he thought, the change in her was not attributable to *him*.

"Because I am trespassing on your kindness," he said in a flat voice.

"On the contrary," she said, as the men arranged the fruit on the table, and prepared to leave, "I want you most particularly this morning——"

She broke off suddenly to tell one of the servants that Tim was to be sent to her at once.

"Tim," she said, as the door closed, "is my husband's henchman, his body slave—who has been with him all his life, and thinks that, like the king, he can do no wrong; except, perhaps, in marrying me," she went on with a laugh that had little mirth in it. "On that point, I am convinced he thinks his master made a great mistake."

A violent rap on the door came at this juncture, followed by the abrupt entry of a typical young Irishman, tall and well-grown, and of that turn of feature which is positively agreeable on some occasions and downright ferocious on others.

He stood just inside the door, looking scowlingly at the little charming and cosey interior, at the dainty table, and the two handsome young people sitting opposite each other, and his expression was positively malignant as he said,

"You sent for me, ma'am?"

Noémie had looked at him with the same curious intentness that had distinguished her glance at every man she had seen that morning; still, it was not the strangeness of his face that fixed her attention, but something on his white blouse that drew her away from the breakfast table and close up to him, when she pointed her hand at his breast and said:—

"That is blood."

Her voice was so strange, that M. Laurent started up and came to look, and there, surely enough, making a wide stain on the white blouse the man wore, was the mark of blood.

"You have had an accident?" she said.

The man nodded.

"It is nothing," he said, "an accident when I was cleaning fire-

arms in the gallery; but no harm was done."

"Then why didn't you change your blouse before coming in here to frighten madam?" said M. Laurent angrily, in his halting English.

"I was told to come at once. And I don't think Madam is easily frightened."

But Noémie at that moment belied his character of her, for she staggered and fell into the arms of M. Laurent, whereupon Tim, with a malevolent look at the pair, promptly opened the door, and disappeared, leaving Noémie, for the first time in her life, unconscious. The night's events had changed her to a criminal—just one moment of mad panic, of unreasoning, cowardly fear, and the transformation was complete—and her first impulse had been to cover up her deed, until she could confess it to her husband, or until she was denounced by the man who had stolen in like a thief in the night, and got a thief's welcome.

She had pictured him dead or dying; and the revulsion of feeling with which she realised that it was *Tim* she had shot, without, apparently, his being much the worse for it, altogether overcame her; and her senses fairly forsook her, and did not seem in any hurry to return.

Suzette was summoned, and went through many graceful exercises in recovering her mistress, using her wits smartly all the while, and marvelling what hand M. Laurent had in the business, and thinking that life was certainly getting livelier at Wrostellla. And glancing at the handsome Frenchman, so assiduous in his attentions, she thought Noémie must have been mad to jilt him for a poor Irishman, who neglected her, leaving her in a dungeon while he went off to amuse himself elsewhere.

The three French figures, the luxurious table, and a bit of the wainscoted wall beyond, formed one of those pictures that a clear hand would have converted into a masterpiece of *genre* painting; and M. Laurent, being a man of taste, felt the picturesqueness of the situation, and enjoyed it.

"She has long ago ceased to find me ridiculous," he muttered, when she showed some signs of recovery; and when Suzette's eyes met his expressively, he smiled and withdrew.



CHAPTER II.

"O fause are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it no been for love o' thee."



M LAURENT had appeared at a moment when Noémie was smarting severely under the affront her husband had put upon her, and when, like many another spoiled child, she longed with all her heart to give back slap for slap, and scorn for scorn, to the bitter end.

She entirely forgot the great provocation she had given him, and was only intensely alive to the humiliating position in which he had placed her; and when M. Laurent dropped apparently from the clouds, the devil whispered that here indeed was an instrument for the punishment of her lord, that she would be a fool indeed not to use skilfully.

But how to keep him here till Terry returned? One night perforce he must remain, and all aghast as he was at the cage which held Noémie, and perplexed at finding the master of the house absent, in spite moreover of the serious illness already creeping over him, M. Laurent spent a delightful evening in the young wife's company, and retired to bed deploring his loss of her more than ever.

M. Alphonse, overjoyed at having a well-known *gourmet* for whom to provide, exhausted the resources of his skill in sending up a dinner worthy of the occasion, and afterwards confided to Suzette that when gentlemen left their young wives in a huff, it was just as well that young wives should amuse themselves, instead of sitting down to cry.

And Noémie *was* amused, and if her gaiety were a little wild, it passed unnoticed, even by Tim, who assisted to wait on them, and whose glowering looks ought to have spoilt the flavour of every dish that passed through his hands.

It was life to Noémie to be in touch once more with her beloved Paris, to hear of her father, of the theatres, of fashions and *bibélots*, of the frivollings of her friends,

and the little *faux pas* of her enemies; and as he talked to her, she seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of the city, to smell its flowers, the intangible aroma of its streets, and her heart throbbed with longing for the time when she would once more be in the midst of it all.

"She is sick of him already, and beginning to wish she had married me," said M. Laurent, as he went to bed that night. "Heavens! to drive her to such a place as this, and to leave her alone here, with that eternal dirge, as for universal death, wailing on the shore!"

He shivered at the sound, but soon began to shiver in real earnest, and by morning was so seriously ill, that the extremely difficult task of getting a doctor had to be undertaken, Tim volunteering for the purpose, as he wished at the same time to execute a little commission for himself that he had no mind to entrust to anybody else.

The doctor came. He had been summoned once before to Wrostellia, but on a different errand, and he glanced curiously at the shooting gallery, as he passed it, remembering what had lain there when last he had crossed its threshold.

"Does he walk still?" he said curiously to Tim, who was conducting him.

"Who says so, sir?" enquired the young Irishman quickly.

"Oh! then it doesn't," said the doctor drily, and said no more.

He did his best for M. Laurent, wondering not a little at his presence there, and at the absence of the husband of the most lovely little creature he had ever beheld even in a country famous for its fair women, and went away at last with an odd feeling that he had stepped out of his own prosaic life into a bit of romance, in which all the figures were French and uncommon.

For Suzette and Alphonse between them nursed the sick man devotedly, the latter preparing all sorts of delicacies that the invalid could not touch; and Noémie, left alone, had ample leisure in which to reflect on Terry's misdemeanours, now more deeply aggravated by the fact that he had not written a line to her since his departure, so that she knew neither where he was, nor when to expect his return.

True, she had behaved outrageously at his departure, but his hot Irish temper had flamed out just as violently as hers, and he had treated her discourteously; and

pride arose, forbidding her heart to ache for the loss of his love, and actually suggesting the impossible feat of henceforth living her life without it.

Some women might do so, indeed many do—but Noémie was not one of them. As the days went by, a feeling of almost physical cold and wretchedness oppressed her, for it was a new and extraordinary sensation to her to be treated like a naughty child, and, as it were, put in a corner, and left to mind and care for herself, not knowing how. Her heart went out then to her father—the father whose lifelong devotion she had slighted for this charming stranger, who had ceased so quickly to be charming, and who had seized the very first opportunity to leave her.

But all these phases of feelings, and many others, passed, and the girl, thrown at last entirely on her own resources, found them much greater than she had supposed. She was full of character, if capable of folly; and the sharp experience through which she was passing had a bracing instead of a depressing effect upon her, while the presence of M. Laurent at Wrostella gave a strong spice of excitement to the whole situation.

Mischief danced in her eyes at the thought of Terry's face, when he returned; and she rehearsed with much *diablerie* the scene when, as hostess to the convalescent, and right under Terry's nose, she should lavish upon him those attentions that his condition made perfectly excusable. For, of course, her husband might be back at any moment, and in her heart—which was of gold—Noémie knew that she would be very glad to see him, and was equally

sure that he would be rejoiced to see her.

All the same, she meant to lead him a dance; but as the days passed, and M. Laurent was sufficiently recovered to lie on the sofa in the drawing room, and sit at table with her, she grew impatient; and the play bored her, now that the central figure was left out.

It had been in such a mood that she had retired to rest on the night when one moment of mad, unreasoning panic had caused her rash act—an act that in less

than twelve hours she had reason to believe was attended with no fatal results, and under the joy of which discovery her senses had forsaken her, as has been already told. A feeling of intense joy succeeded the moment of coming to herself; then she seized Suzette's arm, and cried,

"Fetch him—bring him back—this moment!"

"M. Laurent, madam?" said Suzette.

"No; Tim. Be quick!"

Suzette looked with amazement at her mistress, but departed to do her bidding.

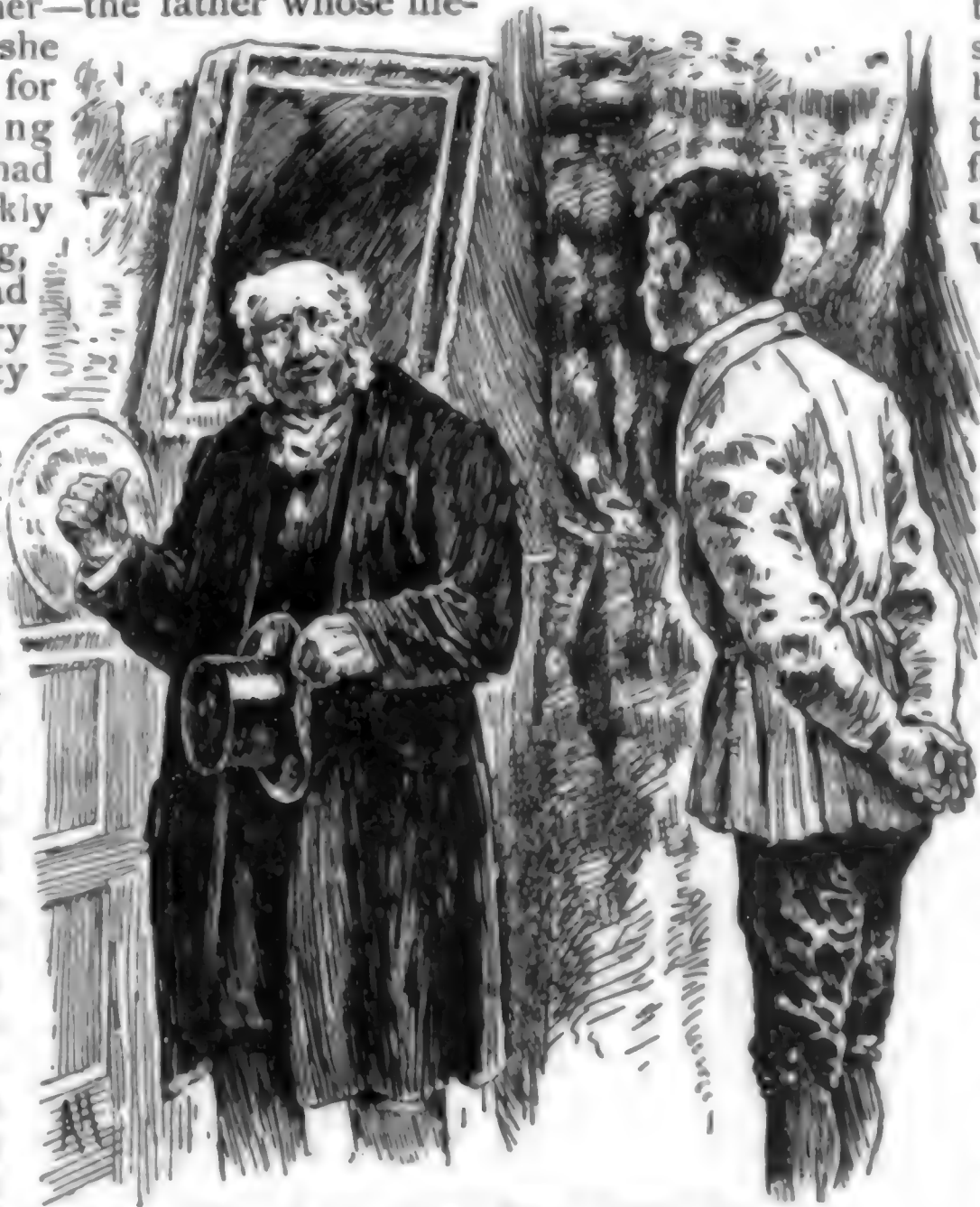
Tim entered, clean and with a fresh blouse, but with his expression as sullen as before.

"Shut the door," she said, "and come here."

He did so; then, as their eyes met, something in his eyes—she could not at the moment tell what—frightened her, and she trembled.

"Tim," she said, bravely, "you came into my room last night, and I shot you. I thought you were a thief. I was terrified and did not stop to think."

He answered not a word, and her courage rose.



"DOES HE WALK STILL?" THE DOCTOR SAID.

"You hear me," she said, "answer."

"I know nothing at all about it," he answered gruffly.

"How did you get into the room?" she said, looking at him with eyes that glowed like fires in her small, pale face. "What business had you there?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Tim, his obstinate upper lips looking longer than ever.

"But there is the wound," she cried, "you can't deny that!"

"I did it myself, ma'am. It was just a graze—no more. You've been dreaming, and didn't shoot anybody."

She shook her head.

"I could show you the revolver," she said, "and there were—other things. Tim, do you walk in your sleep?"

Tim meditated.

"I may," he said cautiously, "but don't you always lock your door, ma'am?"

"Yes. But there is some secret way into my room—I'm sure of it——"

Tim's eyes flickered.

"And you know it," went on the girl, rapidly. "Why won't you tell the truth?"

"You just dreamed it all, ma'am," he said stubbornly.

"Does one dream blood?" she demanded.

"Blood?" exclaimed Tim, as if in astonishment.

Noémie lost patience.

"When your master comes home, he shall get the truth out of you," she said angrily, "and, after all, you only had your deserts. Now go!"

But Tim lingered.

"If you'll take my advice, ma'am," he said very earnestly, "you won't say a word to master about it—not one word. It'll breed mischief. He's got trouble enough just now——"

"What trouble?" said Noémie swiftly.

Tim kept his eyes down so that she could not see the baleful light in them.

"Tim," she said, with a proud dignity that sat well on her young face, "you have been many years with Mr. Fitzgerald, indeed all his life, and I have only known him a very few months. He—he did not want to worry me, and so he did not tell

me why he went away in such a hurry. Was—was his errand a dangerous one?"

Tim's sharp wits seemed to be taking a long journey, and Noémie had to repeat her question.

"What I know, ma'am," he said at last, "is more guesswork than anything else. But I think,"—he paused as if again seeking for spiritual direction—"I think he went to fight a duel."

Noémie turned white as snow, and all the light in her beautiful eyes went out suddenly.

"About a woman?"

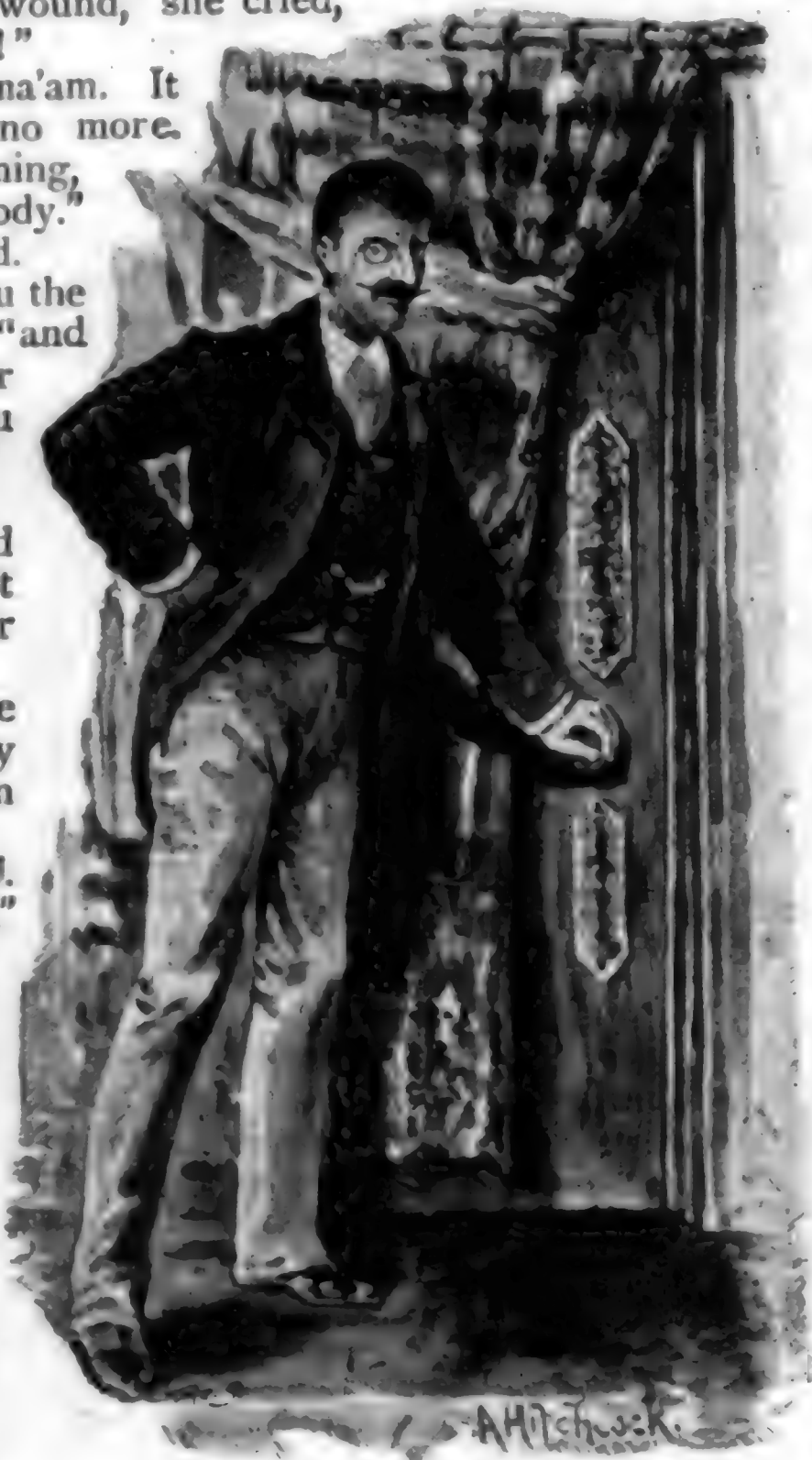
The question rushed out without her own volition.

"Yes, ma'am."

Noémie turned her back on the man, that he might not see the furious scarlet that rushed up over brow and

cheek, stinging her with a sense of shame. She threw out her hand with a gesture of dismissal, she could not have asked him another question to save her soul alive.

The door closed behind her. She had forgotten the catastrophe of the night before in the knowledge that her husband had loved some woman—loved her still sufficiently to fight a duel for her.



M. LAURENT.

CHAPTER III.

"Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind,
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high and low degree."



MLAURENT left on the following morning, profoundly puzzled and irritated by Noémie's sudden change from a delightful châtelaine, eager to please and be pleased, and by no means insensible to his many charms, to a mere dummy, who spoke, answered, and ate mechan-

cally, moreover, without appearing to include him in her range of vision as a man at all.

"We shall meet in Paris," he had said at parting, and she had looked at him vacantly and without response.

He said to himself as he jolted away, that she would even lose her beauty if she stayed much longer in this God-forsaken place, watching always for a churl who never came; and he wondered how much or how little he should tell M. Richepin when he saw him. And then the Frenchman smiled to himself courtly, triumphantly, for he knew women well, and the prospects of the future pleased him.

Immediately following his departure, indeed as if it had waited for it, with a politeness that is not common with ghosts, "Wrostella's Weird," for so, with a fine mingling of a man, his house, and his fate, the ghost had been designated who was supposed to haunt the castle, walked in a way that was "painful and free," frightening Suzette into fits, and greatly strengthening Alphonse's desire to return to his beloved Paris.

Only two persons in the castle seemed unaffected by the apparitions, and these were Noémie and Tim; the first because her whole attention just then was concentrated on herself, and Tim because as he averred "he was used to 'em," and thought no more of a ghost's little ways than he did of a cook's tantrums.

The shooting gallery was the place

most affected by the ghostly visitant, and as Tim had no duties to speak of during his master's absence, and spent a good deal of his time there cleaning and arranging the various arms it contained, it might reasonably be supposed that he would be able to give the servants "jim-jams" in the servants' hall, with accounts of what he saw there; but he related nothing, and, indeed, laughed to scorn the idea that the suicide's ghost was anywhere about.

And Noémie walked too—abroad among the peasants' miserable shanties, and for miles and miles along the sea-coast, until the people got used to seeing her come and go, and marking the change in her, how she had altered from a mere frivolous French fashion-plate into a woman who suffered in spirit even as they did in body, came to look at her with pity, and even say a word of greeting to her as she passed.

And she answered them at first timidly, then with pleasure, for the mere human kindness of their voices; and when she came to know them better, she saw how outrageous and wicked had been her fears of them; and the semi-famine in which they lived and which was now revealed to her, filled the girl with shame when she thought of Alphonse and his prodigal waste.

Very soon the meals were curtailed at the castle, but food and money found its way into the hovels on the shore; and in the joy of ministering to others—the greatest, the purest, surely, in the whole world—Noémie in part was freed from the anguish of apprehension, jealousy and anger, that Terry's continued absence caused her. Well, she had been a spoiled child, selfish and too happy, and wanted a good rousing lesson; and now she had got it—a lesson that would last all her life, aye, and perhaps ennoble it, did she but know it.

She envied these poor toilers who had no sins upon their consciences, who had not been, like herself, within an ace of taking a human life, and even Terry's faults grew pale beside the thing that she had done; and so, between suffering and jealous pain, she dwindled day by day, and alarmed Suzette to the point of making her write secretly to M. Richepin with alarming reports of her mistress's health.

Alphonse wrote by the same post to say that he was *désolé* to make such a com-

munication, but he found no scope whatever at Wrostella for his talents, and would M. Richepin graciously recall him? His cooking lately had been mainly confined to baking bread for the peasants, and the kitchenmaid was even better able to do such work than he.

M. Richepin read Alphonse's communication first, sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. If the cook could not do anything for these young people, then no one else could—he, himself, least of all.

But when he had read Suzette's letter, he was greatly disturbed, and would have started for Wrostella at once, had not prudence mercilessly pointed out that if these two persons could not settle things happily by themselves, the interference of a third person was not likely to have the effect of bringing them together.

But he wrote at once to Noémie, asking for news of her, and saying with what pleasure he was looking forward to her approaching return to Paris. And he mentioned Terry as usual, though his heart was hot with rage within him, and he meant that there should be a heavy day of reckoning between them.

And it was as well that M. Richepin sent a letter instead of conveying himself thither, for on the very day it arrived, Terry himself walked into Wrostella.

CHAPTER IV.

"And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walk't the way;
She had forgot her gown of gray."



HERE is your mistress?" he enquired of the man who stood in the doorway, staring at his master as at some perfectly unfamiliar person.

"She is visiting the poor people, monsieur—sir, I mean," stumbled the man.

"Why do you call me Monsieur?" said Terry, with a pale look that still further confused the man.

"I—I have got used to addressing M. Laurent, sir," said the man, still with that odd look of doubt and wavering recognition.

"He is *here*?" said Terry sharply.

"He has left, sir."

And the man, now convinced of his master's identity, hurried out to take the portmanteau from the car.

Unutterably cold and dreary looked the whole place, Terry thought, as he entered, and glanced up the staircase down which he and Noémie had so often romped together, and he turned abruptly and went out towards the sea-shore.

"Visiting the poor! What hypocrisy would she not practise next?" he asked himself savagely, as he picked his way among the huge boulders that cumbered the ground.

Terry's temper had altered considerably for the worse since his departure from Wrostella, so had his looks as well, and indeed it was difficult to recognise in this pale, thwarted, weary man, the bright-faced young fellow who had wooed and won difficult Noémie with such extraordinary completeness and despatch.

He had been away barely a month, and already—he saw it in a gasp of astonishment and rage—his own wife did not know him.

She came quickly out of one of the cabins, laughing, with a little child clinging to her skirts, and half-looking at him, looked away again as from a stranger, and turned to detach the little thin hands that would have held her back.

It was more than Terry could bear. He had loved her passionately, jealously, after the fashion of an Irishman, not an Englishman; and when she seemed to deny him thus openly, his blood took fire, and he sprang forward and seized her arm.

"Come home, madam!" he said. "Is the house so dull without your lover that you cannot bear to stay alone in it?"

She turned upon him a look of terror, thinking some madman had overtaken her, then turned pale as she recognised him and gasped out,

"Terry!"

"At your service," he said, dragging her away, and Noémie all at once felt herself turning very cold and calm, and the contempt in her voice was merciless as she said,

"You are bruising my arm. I can walk alone."

A bitter east wind was blowing up from the sea, loosening her dark curls, and flapping the capes of his ulster about his ears, and driving his hat over his brows. He

loosed her and put up both hands, but he was too late, the wind had carried away his hat, and with it—as Noémie, in one lightning moment of horror believed—his head.

She stood still aghast, watching him as he sprang after the two objects, now overtaking, now being eluded by them, until he finally captured both, and disappeared, as if shot from a catapult, into Wrostella.

Well, Noémie was young, was healthy, she had not suffered long enough to become fundamentally changed, and finally, when she grasped the situation, she sat down on a boulder, and laughed—laughed till she nearly cried. In every possible character under the sun had she imagined Terry on his return, from Judas Iscariot down to Don Juan, but Terry in the character of a man who wore a wig had never occurred to her, and the discovery was even more ludicrous than startling.

Presently she wiped her eyes, which were as warm, as full of Southern glow as ever; and indeed, at the bottom of her heart was the vivifying, all-sustaining fact that Terry was alive, that she had got him back again, and whether he wore a wig, or had become in his manners perfectly brutal, Terry was here, and—joy broke out in every dimple and curve of her young face—more in love with her than ever.

No matter what duels he might have fought, or in what flagitious circumstances he might have entangled himself, Terry was jealous—jealous to the extent of forgetting that he was a gentleman—and that must mean very tremendous jealousy indeed.

So that it was in high spirits, and with all high tragedy knocked out of her head (indeed, she had quite forgotten all the

high-falutin speeches with which she had intended to denounce and upbraid him), that she entered Wrostella, and sent at once to Alphonse to say that Mr. Fitzgerald had returned, and would he send in something very nice for luncheon?

That is a woman's way. Her own heart, her husband's comfort, these are the things that occupy her mind most.

Alphonse swallowed the insult magnanimously. When, indeed, had he ever failed to send in good things—even though he had been degraded to the post of baker in ordinary to the village?

Then she ran upstairs singing. But half-an-hour may make all the difference in one's mood, and when Terry and she met at luncheon—approaching the table from opposite ends of the house—there was not a whit to choose between the cold politeness with which they greeted each other, and passed the usual compliments of the table.

Tim, stationed once more behind his master's chair, was divided between radiant delight and alert curiosity as to what had passed between the pair; and if, under his smart serving-jacket some uncomfortable qualms threatened to arise, he choked them down, thinking, as Noémie had done, that nothing mattered much so long as Terry was there in the flesh before him.

Once in the midst of that thin formal talk, conducted without looking at each other, Noémie stole a glance at the sunny curls that still clustered thickly above Terry's white, thin face, and she thought that but for the uncourteous wind, she might never have discovered the fraud; and yet, in some subtle way, it produced a harsh note of dissonance in his whole appearance, that, together with his worn look, had made his own servant and his wife fail to recognise him.

And while she pondered as to what strange accident could have brought him to such sad necessity, he, on his part, was covertly watching her, and finding a great alteration in her looks and ways.



NOÉMIE LAUGHED.

He had left a girl, he found a woman. The girl who had fallen out of love with him as passionately and quickly as she had fallen into it, was gone; and the woman who looked her mistake fully and resolutely in the face, and accepted it, was here.

She spoke casually of M. Laurent, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should stay there in Terry's absence, and made no allusion whatever to the illness that had occasioned it.

Of Paris, and their approaching return to it, she spoke airily, and with keen pleasure; and as she sat there facing him, as politely charming as if he were an utter stranger, he told himself that this was marriage *à la mode* with a vengeance, but that he would be hanged if he played the rôle for which she had evidently cast him.

Anyway, Noémie most consistently maintained hers. From the moment that she had seen Tim arranging his master's effects in a room as far as possible from hers, she had abandoned all idea of attempting any understanding with her husband, and the longing she had felt to creep into his arms and tell him all the truth about that awful night, left her. Tim could tell him if he pleased, and Terry could think what he pleased, and indeed a strange look that she surprised sometimes on the face of the latter gave her reason to think that he *did* know, and regarded her with a kind of horror, as if her mad impulse of the moment had been a crime committed in cold blood, and rigorously to be expiated as one.

Noémie needed all her courage to carry her through that period of her life, and it did not fail her. Save at meal times, the husband and wife never met; but often, quite unsuspected by her, he watched her on her merciful errands among the poor; and while he scoffed at the idea of any real good being done (as well try to

put the Atlantic through a sieve, he thought, as to materially improve the position of these people), he could not but see how such work ennobled and beautified her, for it is the universal and not the selfish love that raises man and woman.

He went to meet her one afternoon as she was coming homeward, and said, abruptly:

"Don't you think that you are rather a contradiction? — that you can be so tender-hearted, yet try to kill a man?"

She drew a sharp breath,

then looked at him with glorious brown eyes, full of scorn.

"My sin," she said, "was unpremeditated—committed in a paroxysm of blind terror, but what of yours? I ask no questions—not of the woman for whom you went to fight a duel, not the reasons for the grotesque tricks you have played with your appearance, or why I have been tried, found guilty, and judged unfit to be your wife, without being allowed to say one single word in self-defence. You deserted me in sight of my household, you have returned to shame me openly in their presence, and I look to you no longer for the comfort, support, and help that you



"NOÉMIE NEEDED ALL HER COURAGE."

swore to me but a very few months ago, and now, you are no more to me than any stranger I may meet. Perhaps my heart might have broken, had I not found the one, the *only* alleviation to suffering, which is to do good unto others. And *that* joy," added the girl triumphantly, "even you cannot take from me."

They were at the doors of Wrostella by now, and passed in together.

Noémie moved towards the staircase, but he asked if she would mind coming for a moment into the study.

She came and stood in the bare, ugly room, with the cold wintry sunlight shining on her, waiting for him to speak.

The rose of her skin showed vividly against the blackness of her furs, she was absolutely lovely, but cold, unapproachable as ice, and as utterly indifferent to his authority as his love, and the thought of how entirely she had put him outside her life, stung him to madness, and he said:—

"Why did you not do your work more thoroughly while you were about it?"

Her lips curled, she turned to leave him, but he stood in her path.

"You looked me straight in the eyes," he said, quietly, "before you fired; it was *not* a moment's madness, but a deliberate aim—and you meant to kill me. You were tired of me, and wished to replace me with M. Laurent."

Noémie had fallen back before him, her arms outstretched as if to beat him off, her face a mere grey mask of quivering horror, half out of her senses with the shock of his words.

She tried to speak but could not, tried again, and gasped out in an unearthly whisper, "It was Tim!"

Quite unconsciously she had seized his arm and was shaking it with all her force.

He did not answer, and her dazed eyes wandered up to his head.

"Take it off," she said suddenly, but he drew himself up to his full height and refused.

"Better not," he said. "Wait till the wound has healed. It was only a scalp one, but——" he paused, and his haggard, white face filled up the pause.

"Oh! my God!" cried Noémie, beating her breast, "and you thought I did it on purpose—I! Could I have become a murderess in the little time since you left me? Oh! there must be some means to rid the world of such a monster!" and

she was rushing from the room when Terry caught her in his arms.

"Noémie! Little one!" he cried. "You did not want to put me out of the way, after all. It was me you loved, not Laurent?"

Eyes, voice, passionate embrace, all told the same story, and a faint colour came into Noémie's face, that seemed to have "wilted" suddenly during the violent emotions of the past moments. But she put both hands on his shoulders, holding him back, and said,

"How came you there, and by what secret way—to spy on me?"

Terry looked thoroughly ashamed, but the elixir of happiness had already made him himself again. Thin and pale he might be, and a country-made wig he might wear, but he was *Terry*, and the frost about Noémie's heart was melting fast.

"We parted in anger," he said, "and I would not tell you that my best friend had been killed in a duel—or rather murdered, for there was foul play—and his widow, not knowing that I was married, wrote imploring me to revenge his death. I found the man, and we fought on the French frontier, and he was severely wounded. I had left an address with Tim to which he could write, and on my return to town found a letter awaiting me. He said that my nest was being kept warm by a stranger, and I had better return at once—unobserved. He added that he would be on the watch at Wrostella from midnight till morning for me, and the second midnight after receiving his letter I arrived."

Noémie drew herself out of his arms, and looked at him with proud enquiry and indignation.

"I don't know what he meant. He opened to me before I could knock, and led me upstairs. He showed me a secret door in the panelled wall of your room, explained to me how it opened from inside, and bade me go in, '*for that someone was expected.*' I entered. I approached the mirror before which you sat, caught your words, and then—you looked me straight in the eyes, and fired from over your shoulder. . . . The shot took effect on my head. I fell for the moment, then dragged myself up, and noiselessly escaped as I had entered. It was all clear to me—that you recognised and meant to kill me, afterwards saying

that you fired in self-defence, supposing me to be a stranger; and M. Laurent's presence in the house supplied the reason."

I fainted outside from loss of blood; Tim carried me into the shooting gallery, tended me, and dressed the wound. Then he put me to bed in a small room beyond the gallery; and there, keeping every one away with stories of the ghost, nursed me till I was convalescent. The wound was not serious, but all my hair at the top came off, and when I was able to travel, I went by night to Londonderry and got fitted out—and very badly fitted—as you see. M. Laurent departed—I returned. At first I resolved on having the matter out with you, and I was violent, as you know, and natural. Then you were so cold that you

froze me, and I thought, 'This is a duel—we will see whose pride lasts out longest.' But to-day—seeing you so sweet, so womanly to all the world but me—I broke down, and——"

He drew her gently but firmly into his arms.

"Forgive me, Noémie," he said, "it was pure jealousy—jealousy right through, and that Iago, Tim—he may have meant well, but out he goes. Kiss me, Noémie, kiss me, sweetheart, and forgive me—forgive me and forget the past month."

Her young arms went softly up and round his neck.

"I'll forgive it all and forget it all," she said, with her lips to his ear, "if *you'll* only forget and forgive poor Noémie's crime."



"IT WAS TIM," NOÉMIE GASPED.

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ANDANTINO. $\text{♩} = 56$.

ma non mosso.

(With mouth closed.)

SOLO.

Words and Music by GWYLLYM CROWE.

HUMMING
CHORUS.

ppp

p

1. Far from the noi-sy haunts of
2. Where mer-ry chil-dren's voi-ces

ppp

(With mouths closed.)

ppp

toil - - - - ing
hap - - - - py

man,
ring,

Where ro - - ses wild in great pro -
As flut - t'ring bright hues but - ter -

- fu - - - - sion grow,.....
- flies..... they chase,

Where Na - - ture's face soft ze - phyr
Or mo - - - - - dest dai - sies in long

cool - - - ing fan, And hon - ey'd flow'rs with va - - ried
gar - - - lands string, Fair tres - ses to en - twine with'

col - - - ours glow, *p* Mir - - ror'd and soft - ly lav'd in
charm - - - ing grace, Where tink-ling sheep-bells mu - sic

poco accel.
pur - ling..... streams..... Whose dim - - - pled smiles..... are
lulls.... the..... ear..... Where lamb - - - kins' plain - - - tive

THE SONG OF THE BEES.

383

a tempo.

bright with sun - ny beams,.... Where gen - - - - - tle kine,..... con -
bleat sounds soft and clear, And me - - - - - lo - dies of

- tent, re - pose at ease. 3. 'Tis there..... is heard the
feath - er'd song - sters please.

hum - - - - - ming song, The song..... of..... the

Bees..... 'Tis there..... is heard the

'Tis there..... is heard the

f

hum - - ming song, The song..... of..... the

hum - - ming song, The song..... of..... the

p

The song of..... the

1st Time. *2nd Time.*

Bees Bees hum..... *pppp*

ppp Bees hum..... *pppp*

ppp Bees hum..... *pppp*

Bees hum..... *pppp*

ppp D.C. *pppp*



DOROTHY NORRIS, aged 9 Months.

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